

1971. Chrysler comes through for you.

You're looking for a new car.

The best car possible. For your needs. For your budget.

For all the living you do.

The 1971 Chryslers are coming through. With advanced styling. With new ideas. With value.

Styled for comfort as well as looks.

Advanced fuselage styling. We pioneered it two years ago.

It makes a car look designed, instead of simply pieced together.

But it's not just a styling innovation. It gives Chrysler more room inside, too.

In fact, last year's Chrysler had the biggest interior made in America. We don't expect this year to be any different.

It just could be the most luxurious, too. With new high-back seats (The headrests are built into the seat.) And extra-thick foam-padded cushions.

Coming through for you with three important new options.

Options let you tailor a car to your needs. To your way of living.

This year we offer more options than ever before. Including some of the newest available anywhere.

An AM/FM Stereo Cassette Tape Player with a microphone. You can listen. You can record. You can even record your favorite music directly from the radio.

There's also an electric sun roof. Available on all 2-door hardtops.

And a headlight washer to keep your

lights clean all the time. It not only rinses your lights, but also scrubs them with special brushes. Available on Imperial.

Torsion-Quiet Ride. No one else offers it.

We're talking about three very important characteristics of your car.

Handling. Stability. And quietness on the road.

Torsion-bar suspension means you don't have to fight a Chrysler through turns. It doesn't lunge around corners. You're in control. All the way.

The solid Unibody is welded together. There are no body bolts to work free and rattle after a year or so of driving.

And the Sound Isolation System keeps road noise outside.

A Torsion-Quiet Ride. The ideal balance of control, stability and quietness. And only Chrysler-built cars have it.

You can own a 440 V-8 and still buy regular gas.

The biggest engine we've ever made. Now it runs on regular. You get the power of a big engine. Without paying a premium. And you can use one of the new low-lead gasolines.

Chrysler. Engineered and built with extra care.

Chrysler's coming through. For you.

And for all the living you do.



**Coming
Through.**

Now you can turn 20 lbs. of trash



into 20 lbs. of trash.



In the beginning, God created man. And man promptly created trash.

Now, in 1970, Whirlpool has finally created a civilized way to get rid of it: the Trash Masher™ compactor.

It fits under your kitchen counter, or plugs in anywhere.

Whenever you have trash or garbage, simply toss it into the re-

placeable plastic-lined bag inside the drawer. You can even throw in bottles and cans.

Then shut the drawer and turn it on. (It turns itself off in less than a minute, and you can lock it so kids can't operate it.)

The trash is compacted with a crushing force of 2,000 pounds, and sprayed with a deodorant.

You get up to a week's worth

of trash in a neat little bag.

And when you finally take it out and seal it, you can put it outside overnight without a garbage can.

Rain won't soak through it. Your neighbor's dog will be completely baffled. And your garbage man will love you.

The Trash Masher. Our contribution to  Whirlpool CORPORATION civilization.

The Trash Masher:
A week's worth of trash in a neat little bag.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and striped tie, looking down at a large set of blueprints he is holding. He is standing on a construction site. In the background, there is a large crane on the left, a partially constructed building with a modern design in the center, and a line of trees on a hill in the distance. The overall scene suggests a professional involved in architecture or engineering.

HIS MISSION: DESIGN THE FUTURE

He's an architect, a mixture of artist, engineer and economist. His professional skills are guided by human values. Because he knows the shapes he plans today will help shape the lives we live tomorrow.

A close parallel is found in the role of the National Life agent. Economist, businessman, husband and father. His professional skill mixes with practical experience to make him an able architect of your life insurance program.

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of Vermont

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Is tree disease a necessary part of Nature?

As you can see from the examples in the picture, most tree diseases are a form of fungus.

They ruin a lot of timber, too. Fusiform rust alone destroys something like \$10,600,000 worth a year.

On the other hand, not all fungi in the forest are harmful. Certain kinds help decay the debris that falls from trees and turn it into humus. Another form of fungus actually helps the roots of trees take in food from the soil.

The question is what to do about fungus diseases? Because they're hard to stop. Their tiny spores, or seeds, can be carried by winds for hundreds of miles.

In Nature, tree disease can run rampant and wipe out a whole species in an area.

In our forests, we cut down diseased trees as soon as possible. That way there's a lot less chance of an epidemic.

Nature seems to approve, too. The trees in our 8 million acres of managed forests usually grow bigger, faster than they do in the wild.

Maybe this is because there's a very important concept that St. Regis believes in:

Nature will cooperate with man, if man learns to cooperate with Nature.

ST REGIS

Fusiform rust is a strange disease. That yellow powder you see is the spores of this fungus. In the early Spring, the tiny spores blow away. Not to infect other pines, but oaks. The fungus' alternate host. There, on the oak leaves, it breeds new spores until Summer. Then they blow away to reinfect pines.

Pitch canker makes a soft place on the tree trunk. And the tree reacts by pouring out pitch, the gummy sap of the pine, at a terrific rate. Cut into the trunk, and you'll find it soaked with pitch.

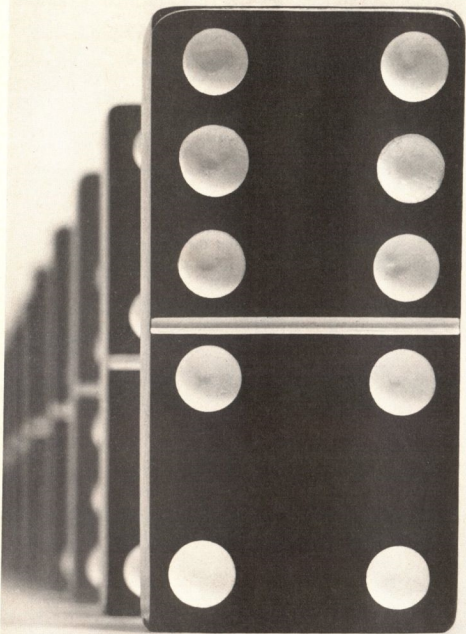
This tree is a slash pine, a native of southern forests.

Annosus root rot is a sneaky disease. There are only two ways to know whether a tree has it or not. One sign is the conk at the base of the tree, it's the fruiting body, or flower, of the fungus that's infecting the roots. The other sign is a blown down tree. That's what this fungus disease does to the tree: makes the roots weak and stringy so it can't stand up in a strong wind.

Needle cast makes the needles look like they've been scorched. Because this fungus attacks the needles from the tips down and turns them brown.

Southern cone rust attacks the little conelets when they're first formed. And look at the difference between the smaller, normal cones and the enlarged diseased ones. Infected cones grow to four times normal size within a few months. This disease destroys a lot of future trees: the seeds in the cone that never develop.

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LETTERS

Refugees

Sir: In your article [Sept. 21] you state that the Arabs were evicted from their ancient homeland. They were never evicted and this was never their ancient homeland. You mention further that they were driven into the squalid misery of refugee camps. They just picked up their squalid misery and moved it to another location.

Apparently you haven't seen how they live under normal conditions. It is a well-known fact that the Arabs living in Israel have better living conditions and education than in any of the Arab countries. (MRS.) BETTY OUZER
Rochester

Sir: In spite of the outrage of the P.F.L.P. skyjackings, let us recognize these actions as the result of years of oppression of one people by another. Eventually, the oppressed react with violence, as the P.F.L.P. is doing, as black militants in America are doing, as any oppressed people does, with no recourse or redress is available.

GORDON MUMMA
Manhattan

Sir: The truth is: those Arabs who left Israel left of their own volition during the 1948 War of Independence. They hoped to return very quickly to share in the booty of a defeated Israel. It seems they made a mistake in judgment. Now, having lost the gamble, they still insist on a payoff.

GENE GALT
Oak Park, Mich.

Sir: The Palestinian commandos kept approximately 300 airline passengers captive on airplanes on the Jordan desert for one week. Yet the world stood by and allowed hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees to remain on the Jordan desert in tents for 22 years.

(MRS.) PAMELA COLTON
JILL DERBY
(THE REV.) J. BARRY WILLIAMS
Sacramento, Calif.

Up in the Air

Sir: I have the solution to end all hijacking [Sept. 21]. The airlines should arm all passengers as they board the aircraft. This way a hijacker could be conveniently shot by the nearest passenger when he attempted to commandeer the aircraft. At first, perhaps, a few innocent victims would be shot and we might lose an airplane or two, but sooner or later the message would get across that aerial hijacking is no longer a desirable or profitable thing to do.

LARRY MURPHY
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir: The solution to air piracy is simple: (1) immediately deny air passage to any holder of an Arab passport; (2) give suitable rewards for performance to airplane guards, e.g., \$5,000 for executing a hijacker in the act or \$1,000 for wounding one. Sadly, our modern leaders lack the guts to do what has to be done.

WILLARD ROSE
Muskegon, Mich.

Sir: The first place to start hitting back is where it will hurt the most—in the ECONOMY. All airlines should stop all

flights to every Arab country that aids the terrorists, and people of all free countries should refuse to do business with them. Perhaps then the Arabs would deal with their own disasters.

SELMA SEGAL
Columbus

Sir: A possible solution might be to completely seal the pilot and crew's quarters from the passengers. Each would board from separate entrances. The only possible contact, once everyone was in place, would be one-way voice communication from the pilot to passengers.

NEIL J. GEORGE
Cleveland

Sir: Require: 1) fingerprinted cards that would be verified at check-in; 2) complete inspection of freight, baggage and aircraft, search of all passengers at check-in, and rigid quarantine of all cleared passengers until takeoff; 3) airlines to be deprived of all in-flight privileges in order to prevent hijackers from joining a cleared flight by connection. Passengers who wish may fly "risk airline" and take their chances.

JOAN FITZPATRICK BOCK
Merritt Island, Fla.

Sir: What ever happened to the American who, when faced with extortion threats from pirates of Tripoli, responded, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"?

JOEL A. MOSKOWITZ, M.D.
Manhattan

Vocal Vituperation

Sir: One does not have to be an effete snob, a nattering nabob, or even a Democrat to be thoroughly offended by the contrived, consciously catchy mixed metaphors daily being flung at us by Spiro Agnew [Sept. 21]. One gets the impression that this buffoon is just discovering his power to appeal to people's prejudices for his own purposes. Probably Agnew has already planned his first post-V.P. book: *Selected Smashing Speeches by the Sensation of the '70s*. One suspects that he is also running for the title: Most Vocal and Vituperative Veep of the Century.

(MRS.) MARY YOUNG COUSAR
Jacksonville

Sir: Agnew's acerbic animadversions affront, antagonize and alienate attentive Americans.

DUDLEY RISLEY
Edmonds, Wash.

Sir: Spurious Spiro, the smirking, spleenful spokesman of the sated, smug, self-satisfied society.

H. PETER LAURITZEN
Boca Raton, Fla.

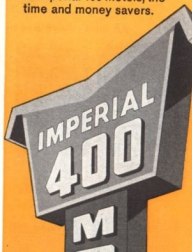
Sir: Agnew's alliterative aphorisms, although apparently arousing activists' acrimony, are all able and acerbatingly apt. RUSSELL M. TREE
Port Huron, Mich.

When the Knee Is Free

Sir: I am sure when John Burr Fairchild [Sept. 14] is a bitter old man, he will regret 1970, when he did his best to turn all of us who are young at heart into bitter old women with his misdis. When wom-

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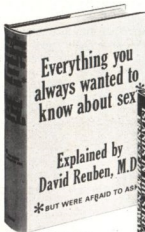
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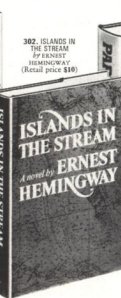
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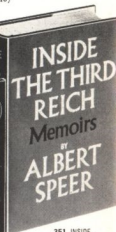
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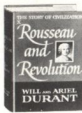
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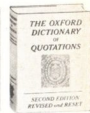
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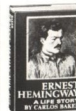
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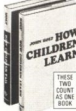
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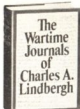
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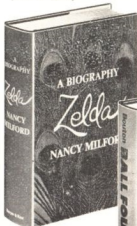
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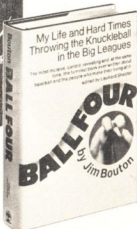
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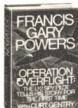
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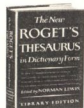
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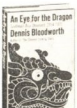
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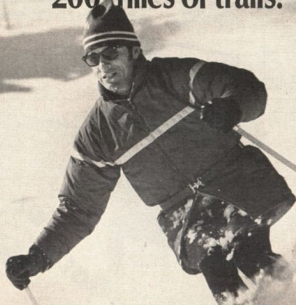


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Aspenglow

en's knees were free, their spirit was free. They became younger, more energetic, happier. The midi makes them old, dowdy and grumpy.

BETTY S. TYLER
Monroe, Conn.

Sir: Fairchild is shrewdly aware that many women are insecure enough to put garbage bags on their backs if fashion decreed it.

(MRS.) MOLLY MONICA
Berkeley Heights, N.J.

Sir: May the midi become the Edsel of fashion!

ELEANOR L. RUDER
Morris Plains, N.J.

Sir: The mid-calf is a bum steer.

PETER LAWTON
Gladwyne, Pa.

Sir: The needlepoint designed and stitched by Judy McGuggart on your cover was a great and ingenious change from the usual portraits of famous people. To those of us who do needlepoint, this clear reproduction is worth a whole course in the art of canvas embroidery.

AVIS GARDINER
Stamford, Conn.

Bold Buildings

Sir: You have ingeniously demonstrated something too long overlooked. Too many colleges and universities are more concerned with the creation of architectural showplaces [Sept. 21] than with the creation of an environment that meets the needs of learners and teachers. Sadly, too many new campus structures are not even good monuments. Little wonder students

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and faculty respond negatively to many of these "bold buildings."

HARVEY GOODFRIEND
San Diego

Sir: What a pity the superb buildings can not do the instructing. Let's hope, now that the teacher-shortage crisis is over, perhaps more emphasis can and should be placed on quality instructors to man these intellectual palaces.

DYAR HADDAD
Springville, N.Y.

Sir: Thank you! I have spent many dollars and much time trying to figure out why college students did what they did.

Burning their own buildings, breaking windows, beating up police, etc. But TIME has given me the answer. Anyone entering buildings as shown would certainly go mental if it were not already.

My mind is at ease; I can rest more peacefully, happy that at my age I only have a few more years to live.

MARY SULLIVAN
Hudson, N.H.

Sir: I will bet my bottom tax dollar that the majority of campuses in this country are pinched for money. As a result of shortages of funds, all they can afford are piles of bricks called buildings but resembling shoe boxes.

WALTER FLUEGEL
Duluth

Black Rage

Sir: It was no better than I expected: With all that could be said about *Black*

World magazine [Sept. 21]—its discovery of new literary talent, its providing a platform for young intellectuals, its extensive reporting of black art and literature, its encouragement of literary talent, its building of cultural bridges among African peoples, its attention to black publishing enterprise, its openness to divergent views from the black community—TIME magazine focused on "range" and "militancy." It is as though TIME's editors had decided in advance the thrust and essence of the story they wanted to publish and then selected from among all the information they received only that which fit their preconceived theme. And that is what I expected TIME would do.

HOYT W. FULLER
Managing Editor
Black World
Chicago

A Big Surprise

Sir: I was amused by Julie Nixon Eisenhower's comment [Sept. 21] that teaching is a career where "you never get dissatisfied." Her idealism is admirable, but take it from a former teacher, she is in for a big surprise.

ROBERT E. KINGSBURY
Virginia Beach, Va.

For the Little People

Sir: Your story about Mr. Frank Sinatra [Sept. 21] has done a grave injustice to a man who over the years has done more for the "little people" of the world than almost anyone else in show business. Mr. Sinatra has been a personal

friend of my husband and myself for quite some time, and I have had many opportunities to see his concern for the individual. I am sure you will agree that the story of Frank Sinatra's charitable deeds around the world has been the topic of many conversations. Mr. Sinatra has never asked for recognition of these deeds. In fact, he is embarrassed if they are brought up. Mr. Sinatra, not only for his great talent but also for his civic concern, justly deserves the title the King.

RAQUEL WELCH
Nicosia, Cyprus

Nonproductive Females

Sir: Big deal. Three women have made Woman of the Year [Sept. 7] in 45 years (Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Duchess of Windsor and Queen Elizabeth II), all ridiculous choices. When you pass over females like Eleanor Roosevelt, Margaret Chase Smith, Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir, Edith Green, etc., for nonproductive females whose contributions to society have been nil or destructive, it completely shows a typical male's lack of thought.

MARTHA R. MONROE
Salt Lake City

Sir:
*Though Women's Lib we all do hail,
The Holy Spirit must be a male.
If you still want to be contrary,
Why not check with Mother Mary?*

PHILOMENE VERLAAN
Pensacola, Fla.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Henry Lane (ms)

Jim Bell, now Rome bureau chief, was the first TIME correspondent to meet Nasser. Scarcely two months after the 1952 coup that ousted King Farouk, Bell was introduced to a relatively unknown member of the new ruling junta named Gamal Abdel Nasser. The young lieutenant, Bell learned, was to clear the questions he proposed to ask the junta's strongman, General Mohammed Naguib. Soon Bell began to suspect that *El Bekhashi* (the Lieut. Colonel) was clearing the answers as well. As a result of Bell's investigations, TIME, on May 4, 1953, became the first major publication to state flatly that Nasser, not Naguib, was the real power in Egypt.



REF



WYNN



GRIGGS

Mediterranean Correspondent Lee Griggs was the last time reporter to interview Nasser—on May 2, 1969—and like the others, he was impressed. "Nasser," said Griggs, "absolutely charms the socks off you." Modesty, maintained Griggs, was his method. Not only did Nasser admit his own mistakes, but he frequently pressed his interviewers for their advice. "Forget about me for a minute," he told Griggs. "Tell me what's new in Lebanon."

For this week's cover story, Bell in Rome, Wynn in Cairo and Griggs in Beirut added their impressions of the impact of Nasser's death to their recollections of his life. The reporting was coordinated by Beirut Bureau Chief Gavin Scott. Also contributing: Marlin Levin and John Shaw in Jerusalem, Lansing Lamont in London and Her-
accompanying boxes. In Washington, The finished story and Spencer Davidson and William Doerner, assisted by Researchers Ursula Nadassy and Betty Suyker. The article was edited by Ronald Kriss.

The Cover: Graphic design by Dennis Wheeler, from photographs by Lawrence Lowry, Priya Ramrakha, Said Abuhamdeh and James Whitmore.

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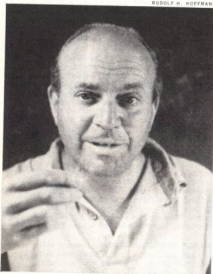
THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

A Darkling Whitman

"History," he wrote years ago, "is a mass-invention, the day dream of a race." It was the American day dream that especially fascinated John Dos Passos. Like a darkling Walt Whitman, he sang of a sprawling, intricate, in many ways desolate, industrial America. Dos Passos had to invent his own form to contain his vision. *U.S.A.* was a montage of deft biographies, Joycean interior monologues, narrative fictions and fascinating oddments, headlines and snatches of popular songs. His prose-

RUDOLF W. HOFFMANN



JOHN DOS PASSOS (ca. 1935)

At once archaic and prescient.

poetry was as varied and fragmented as his pluralistic America.

Dos Passos, who died last week of a heart attack at 74, was the last major survivor of the literary generation that included Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Steinbeck and Faulkner. His work has been slighted in recent years. Politics—the central theme and passion of much of his writing—helped to undermine his reputation. Read today, Dos Passos' earlier works often seem as archaic as the rhetoric of Wobblies. But there are also passages that seem eerily prescient: "All right we are two nations. America our nation has been beaten by strangers who have bought the laws and fenced off the meadows and cut down the woods for pulp and turned our pleasant cities into slums . . ."

If the language of 1936 sounds like

the outcry of dissent today, Dos Passos would have none of it now. In fairly familiar disenchantment, Dos Passos turned against Communism in the 1930s. By the '60s, he was voting for Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater. To Dos Passos, big labor and centralized Government had replaced "the big-money boys" as the American villains. But the most consistent theme in his life was a vaguely anarchic impulse, a craving for individuality which no ideology could permanently satisfy.

Non-Flight Status

Last month's airline hijackings unnerved the Administration for some reasons that were not immediately obvious. First, the Pan Am 747 blown up by Palestinian guerrillas at Cairo airport turned out to have been carrying some classified NATO documents. In addition, two passengers on one of the planes that landed in the Jordanian desert work for the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency. The two likely had a fund of military secrets stored in their heads.

The Pentagon wasted no time issuing an order prohibiting the shipment of classified material by commercial passenger planes. The Defense Department also put out the word that officials involved in highly classified work should stay off commercial flights; instead, they should take military or chartered aircraft, or travel by ship, train, bus or car.

Thus, a new Washington status symbol is born. Those who are still flying because of the secrets that they do not know probably won't dare to appear at cocktail parties for weeks. They might have to explain why they were allowed to hop aboard an unguarded shuttle flight from New York.

Trashing in Riverdale

The tactic of "trashing" has become a familiar enough method of the left. Now it seems to be spreading to improbable quarters. During a strike of building-service employees, residents in one apartment building in the fashionable Riverdale section of New York City grew enraged at having to do without hot water. Finally, some of the tenants, who pay up to \$800 a month for their apartments, stormed through the lobby, ripping up rugs, smashing furniture and windows, uprooting potted plants and tearing off wallpaper.

As other groups have discovered, such rioting can attract the Establishment's attention. Within two days, the building's owners settled with the strikers and the hot water returned.

Nixon Abroad:

It is one thing for the U.S. to reduce voluntarily its commitments and its military establishment overseas because of a realistic assessment of what a great power can and should do to influence the affairs of other nations. It is far different when such a retrenchment is seen as impelled by outside powers or internal dissent. That could be taken as a sign of weakness. Increasingly concerned that the Soviet Union and others may hold just such a view of the U.S. to-

UPI



PAT NIXON & TITO'S WIFE

The rapport was remarkable.

day, Richard Nixon last week used his European trip to stress U.S. strength.

Though the sudden death of Gamal Abdel Nasser dramatically diverted world attention from the President's journey, Nixon's message was far from muted. While with Pope Paul at the Vatican, he observed incongruously that he was about to visit the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean—"the mightiest military force that exists in the world on any

Applause and Admonitions

ocean." The Pope gently raised a sensitive topic, expressing his hope for a prompt peace in Viet Nam. Then, in a ten-minute talk to seminarians at the Vatican's North American College, Nixon used the word "power" no fewer than 14 times. He referred to himself "very humbly," as the "President of the strongest nation in the world, with more power perhaps than any leader in the world."

Worldwide Words. Aboard the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* 30 miles from Rome in the Tyrrhenian Sea, Nixon recalled the U.S. role in trying to confine the war in Jordan and told the sailors: "Believe me, never has American power been used with more effectiveness." It was, he said, "a restrained and diplomatic use of power." Earlier, he emerged from a chat at Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport with 32 Americans who were en route home after being released by Arab hijackers to say that the erstwhile hostages endorsed his policy. At the Southern European headquarters of NATO in Naples, he described the alliance as "perhaps the most successful of any in the history of the world." He insisted that despite speculation about U.S. troop withdrawals from NATO forces in West Germany, the U.S. commitment to maintaining NATO's strength was as firm as ever.

When a world leader travels, the apparatus of modern communications spreads his every word worldwide. Thus Nixon was speaking not only to his hosts but to the Soviet Union and the Arab world, as well as to friendlier nations seeking reassurance of U.S. firmness. Wherever he went, he also talked as the peacemaker, probing especially for ideas on how to maintain the precarious ceasefire in the Middle East and how to get U.N.-mediated negotiations going. All of the leaders Nixon visited, including Pope Paul, Italy's President Giuseppe Saragat, Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, Spain's General Francisco Franco and Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath, applauded the effort and urged its continuation—though Nasser's death and the Jordanian war make the prospect for progress more tenuous than ever (see **THE WORLD**).

Two Tough Lines. Nasser's passing did, however, enable Nixon to send HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson to Cairo for the funeral, and Richardson, a former Under Secretary of State, lingered to press Egypt's interim leaders to extend the temporary cease-fire along the Suez Canal past the Nov. 5 cutoff. Soviet Premier Alexsei N. Kosygin also conferred with possible successors to Nasser—and Soviet attitudes may well hold the key to peace in the region.

While Russian intentions continue to puzzle the West, the outward signs seem to indicate that the Kremlin may be listening more to Nixon's rhetoric of power than to his peace pleas. Taking a tough

line of its own, Moscow last week scoffed at U.S. warnings against building a Soviet submarine base in Cuba as an attempt to fan a "war psychosis." It chastised the U.S. for having threatened "intervention" in Jordan and attacked America for aiding Zionists. There was a danger that the posturing of both Washington and Moscow could chill U.S.-Soviet relations at a crucial moment. Aside from the critical Middle East question, negotiators for the U.S., Britain, France and Russia are trying to work out new guarantees for access to West Berlin. U.S.-Soviet talks on limiting strategic arms are to resume next month in Helsinki.

One of the more satisfying elements emerging from Nixon's trip was the remarkable rapport he developed with Josip Broz Tito. The marshal spared Nixon

world cannot be divided into blocs, and that "stable peace cannot rest on the balance of strength and terror." Then he pointedly coupled that argument with U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

Nixon deftly deflected the criticism, arguing that the U.S. was in Viet Nam only to help people "build their own lives in accordance with their own aspirations." Referring indirectly to Tito's break with the Soviet Union in 1948, Nixon pleased Tito by adding that "Yugoslavia, by its example, has given heart to those who would choose their own paths." He called Tito "a giant of the world scene."

As the visit continued through other dinners, private meetings and motorcades, the two men seemed to draw closer. Nixon was the first U.S. President to visit Belgrade, and the six hours he spent with Tito was a longer period than he has devoted to any foreign leader in a single day since becoming President. Tito described Nixon to aides as "intelligent,



WITH TITO IN ZAGREB

The message was far from muted.

on embarrassment by choosing to remain in Belgrade to keep his date with the U.S. President instead of attending the funeral of Nasser, a longtime friend. The decision surprised everyone, including Nixon. It was based on Tito's shrewd and tough analysis of pragmatic priorities. As one of his admiring aides put it: "He figured that it was now more important to talk to a live and influential President than watch the burial of a dead one."

Whisky v. Milk. At first Tito played the visit in a deliberately low key; there were no big advance buildups, no speeches at the airport. He invited only 32 guests to a black-tie dinner at the old Royal Palace and used a toast to deliver a stern admonition on the uses of power by big nations. "Universal peace and stability cannot be achieved by the big powers alone," he said. Tito argued that the

pragmatic, competent and in some areas tough." Nixon drew heavily on Tito's continuing knowledge of both Soviet Communism and the Arab world—the two concerns at the focus of his trip.

The mood of the two men became ever more amiable. When Nixon twitted Tito for ordering a Scotch and soda at a morning meeting, Tito, 78, replied: "When you get older, whisky is much better for the blood than milk." Tito even changed his own plans and decided to accompany Nixon on a visit to Kumrovec, where Tito and his 14 brothers and sisters (none of whom survive) were all born in the same bed in a white stucco house. Asking Tito to walk among the villagers while photographers and newsmen watched, Nixon said: "We've got to get this place on the map."

Although the Yugoslav crowds were

somewhat less ebullient than were the Rumanians who mobbed Nixon on his visit to Bucharest last year, they responded warmly whenever he got out of his car to mingle with them. To the dismay of his security guards, Nixon repeatedly followed the same handshaking tactics in Rome and Madrid. The largest crowds of the tour cheered Nixon and Franco, before Dick and Pat flew to London for a relatively quiet visit with Heath and Queen Elizabeth. Nixon's brief stay included a working session devoted largely to Middle East affairs, in which top British officials expressed concern over the growing naval presence of the U.S.S.R. in the Indian Ocean.

Then the Nixons stopped in Ireland for a visit to their ancestors' homeland. As they headed back to Washington, the inevitable question arose about presidential excursions abroad: What was accomplished? In terms of the immediate prob-

THE WAR Sounds and Silence in Paris

For 21 months, through 86 formal sessions and a number of private meetings, the words of the Viet Nam negotiators have filled the conference room. With rare exceptions, the talk has been meaningless exchanges of the unacceptable that amount almost to silence. Even a whisper of potential change in such an atmosphere becomes a hopeful rumble. And hope is rumbling now in Paris.

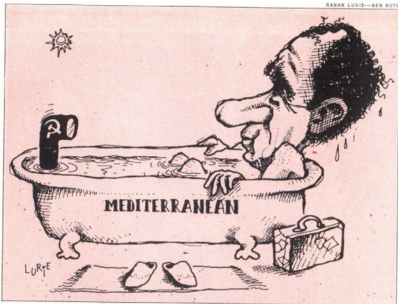
In the spring of 1969, Washington and Hanoi traded fresh peace formulations that evoked optimism for awhile. That mood crumbled under the weight of Communist intransigence, and the Nixon Administration's attitude toward the talks became highly pessimistic. In recent weeks there has been a minute modification because of a number of fac-

fire proposal, coupled with what has remained consistent U.S. policy: international supervision of any truce, free elections, and no imposition of a coalition government through negotiation against the wishes of Saigon. There is speculation that Nixon may announce his plan—perhaps linking it with new troop withdrawals—in an address to the nation this month. It would be logical for him to time the announcement for maximum effect on the congressional elections. But White House aides insist that if Hanoi expects changes in basic Administration policy for domestic reasons, it is mistaken. Whatever the Hanoi regime expects, a spokesman for its delegation in Paris described reports of a new American proposal as "only for political purposes." Moreover, Saigon sees things the same way.

One intriguing aspect of both the Viet Cong proposal and the one expected from Nixon is a new emphasis on an old element that has been present implicitly or explicitly in all peace plans—a cease-fire. The N.L.F. said that if the United States promised withdrawal of all its troops by next June 30, Communist forces would not shoot at them on the way out. Their eight-point plan also referred for the first time to a formal cease-fire—but only after all political matters have been settled. The latter prospect is as dim as ever.

Unusual Alliance. There has been renewed emphasis on a cease-fire from other sources as well. In a Sept. 1 letter to Nixon, 30 Senators of both parties, including such doves as Albert Gore and Edward Brooke and such hawks as Henry Jackson and Barry Goldwater, urged the President to propose an internationally supervised "standstill" cease-fire for all forces in South Viet Nam. The term standstill means that opposing forces would remain in place, continuing to control the areas they now hold. As the Senators see it, the cease-fire would be the first of several steps: withdrawal of all foreign troops within a specified time after the shooting stops; free elections, supervised by a commission including both Saigon and N.L.F. members; guarantees of freedom of speech, press and assembly; the release of all prisoners. The unusual alliance of lawmakers argued that the U.S. would have nothing to lose by making a positive gesture that could conceivably perk up the talks.

The Senators' proposal is a variation of the plans proposed by the National Committee for a Political Settlement in Viet Nam and Cyrus Vance, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and later one of Lyndon Johnson's negotiators in Paris. Vance has been pressing his suggestions with Administration officials in private and is now fighting for them publicly. He believes that U.S. willingness to pledge total troop withdrawal by an early date might be



lems of war and peace, the answer this time is: Very little. The trip had not been set up to settle major problems.

Yet the atmospheres were significant. Aside from showing the flag with a flourish, Nixon demonstrated again the wide reach of his office and of U.S. policy. His entrance to the spiritual fortress that is the Vatican, the facility with which he dealt with a Communist ruler in Belgrade and a Falangist in Madrid, as well as formal allies in Rome and London—all combined to convey a sense of healthy diversity. Massive television coverage showed him not only in formal association with world leaders but in human communication with ordinary citizens. Grinning, standing on a car, his arms flung to the sky, the huzzahs of foreign crowds filling the air, he was warmed personally and benefited politically. The trip was one more reminder that an American President, as a politician and statesman, has a global constituency.

tors. Last month the National Liberation Front placed on the once disputed table a "new" eight-point plan. Though it saw nothing really new of substance in the presentation, Washington has not rejected it. Rather, the U.S. is seeking elaboration—even though it does not expect much to materialize.

Pros and Cons. Meanwhile it is Washington's turn to break the silence. At the end of his trip to Europe, President Nixon was to meet in Ireland for an exhaustive review of the U.S. position with his chief Paris negotiator, David Bruce; Deputy Negotiator Philip Habib; and Henry Kissinger, Nixon's Assistant for National Security Affairs. Nixon will get as many as a dozen proposals, each with its pros and cons, then go off alone with the intention of making some hard decisions.

It is likely that the President will soon put forward a new American initiative, including some sort of cease-



BRUCE ARRIVING FOR TALKS

When even a whisper becomes a rumble.

the necessary inducement for Communist agreement to a cease-fire. Under his scenario, an international force of perhaps 3,000 men, manning 300 monitoring posts, would supervise the cease-fire. As Vance sees it, there are a number of built-in advantages to his proposal. For one thing, it would leave each side in control of what it now has. Such control might lead to elections in which neither the Viet Cong nor the government of Nguyen Van Thieu would risk a total loss of power. Vance's expectation is that the Communists would win elections where they now have military and administrative control and that Saigon would control the cities and the central government.

The plan is promising, but it also contains serious problems. The principal one is the continuing unwillingness of Hanoi and the N.L.F. even to consider an internationally supervised cease-fire. Finding a willing and effective international supervisory body will be almost as difficult. The International Control Commission, once active in Laos, has fallen into disuse, though it still exists in a legal sense. Nixon first made such a proposal on May 14, 1969, though he was well aware of the enormous difficulty of supervising the jigsaw puzzle of opposing forces. Complicating the problem of control still further is the guerrilla war itself, and the jungle terrain in which large bodies of troops are not easily observed. Finally, neither the Thieu regime nor Hanoi seems willing to accept an arrangement that is not loaded in its favor.

Still, U.S. interests do not always coincide precisely with those of the South Vietnamese government. Therefore the U.S. has reason to press ahead with proposals that just might reduce the shooting—and even lead to some progress in Paris.

Calley's Confessions

The Army's prosecution of military personnel for the slaying of South Vietnamese villagers at My Lai in March of 1968 is still mired in pretrial maneuvering. Charges against eight of 15 officers accused of covering up the massacre have been dropped. The Army is, however, expected to set a date soon for the most sensational of the court-martial, that of Lieut. William Calley Jr., who is accused of murdering 102 civilians. Beginning in its November issue, *Esquire* magazine is giving Calley a chance to reflect on his Army experiences with the aid of a professional writer, John Sack. Self-serving though it is, the first-person account is a haunting revelation of one man's uncertain and contradictory reactions to the Viet Nam War.

As an officer trainee, Calley insists, he was never taught that he might encounter friendly Vietnamese. Instead, "it was drummed into us, 'Be sharp! Be on your guard! As soon as you think these people won't kill you —zap!'" When he first arrived in Viet Nam on Dec. 1, 1967, Calley felt "like the meanest, the most tremendous weapon there is. My rifle swung low. My helmet pulled down. I was scowling even. I felt this is my big day. And these are my men. And we're going to end this whole damned war tomorrow. I'm superior. I thought, I'm the American from across the sea. I can really sock it to these people."

Kill Count. Calley was still eager when he took his platoon into the countryside south of Danang and set up an ambush for Viet Cong troops. "I knew the V.C. were somewhere nearby because—well, I was in South Viet Nam. Our captain, Captain Medina, wouldn't send me somewhere if I couldn't get a big kill count, right?" For hours nothing happened. Calley's bravado turned to fear when he realized that his inexperienced soldiers had made too much noise to surprise any approaching enemy. "The V.C. must know I'm here. They must be sneaking up."

He ordered a mortar platoon to light up his position with flares. "I could see around for miles—of course, everyone for miles around could also see me." Then came a radio scolding from Medina: "You are without doubt the stupidest second lieutenant on the face of this earth." "Yes, sir! I am stupid, sir! What should I do?" "Turn off them god-damned lights!"

As more nights of ambush without combat followed, Calley became depressed. "What am I pulling ambushes for? What am I running patrols for? Or searching for? We want to fight." Instead of seeing Viet Cong, his men had to deal mainly with prostitutes seeking business, and swarms of kids selling Cokes and offering to do the G.I.s' laundry. Calley tells of making shy love to a young madam and then trying to dis-

cuss political philosophy with her: "Susie had never heard of Communism or democracy." If he explained the difference, Calley thought, and she said that she preferred Communism, "What am I to do? Kill her? Capture her? Because if she is a Communist, that's what my duty is."

Late Doubts. Duty, he insists, was uppermost in his mind. He was willing to do "everything the American people want me to. That's what the Army's for. Majority rules, and if a majority tells me, 'Lieutenant, go and kill 1,000 enemies,' I'll go and kill 1,000 enemies. But I won't advocate it. I won't preach for it. I won't be a hypocrite about it."

The first *Esquire* article does not carry Calley through the My Lai attack, but after he was charged with the multiple murders, he clung to that same sense of duty: "Well, the war's wrong. Killing's wrong. But that's what my country asked me to do."

Back in the U.S., Calley began to be bothered by doubts. People would come up to him and say that they were on his side. "What can I say if a gentleman tells me, 'I know you're right,' if I have an inner conflict and I myself don't know it? Maybe the mission in My Lai was wrong. What is a V.C.? Is a man with a hand grenade a V.C.? Someone who houses him, is that a V.C.? I'm home now and I hear people saying, 'Everyone there is a V.C.' Are these people right? Maybe so. I hear people screaming, 'Stop the war.' Are they right? Maybe so." Today Calley even wonders whether the Vietnamese farmer who wants only to till his land would really suffer under Communism. "It probably wouldn't hurt him a damned bit—compared to a war, Communism could be a godsend."



CALLEY AFTER PRETRIAL HEARING
Duty, he insists, was uppermost.

THE CONGRESS

The Necessity Not to Change

How simple. Every eligible citizen casts a single ballot, and the candidate attracting the most votes becomes President of the United States. That was what Delegate James Wilson of Pennsylvania had in mind in 1787, when he offered the scheme to the Constitutional Convention. Wilson's 20th century counterpart, Indiana Senator Birch Bayh, tried essentially the same approach in 1970, with the same result: failure. The constitutional provision, which established an Electoral College, has weathered its 183rd year of intermittent assault and still seems as immune to change as the law of gravity.

In all, more than 100 futile attempts have been made to junk the Electoral College. When the Senate last week tried for the second time in three weeks to quash a mild filibuster against the proposed amendment, it fell five votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority.

ger, Bayh maintains, is that a third-party candidate like George Wallace could win enough electoral votes to deny either major-party candidate the required majority of 270 electoral votes. Then Wallace could make a deal to turn over his electors to whichever front runner made the most concessions. That, or the choice of a President, would be left to the House of Representatives, where a deadlock could cause a constitutional crisis. The Wallace specter was particularly frightening because a shift of 55,000 votes in key states in 1968 would have deprived Richard Nixon of his Electoral College majority.

Even so, the leverage small states have in the Electoral College is something they prize highly. In a particularly tight presidential race, both major candidates would be compelled to value Alaska's three electoral votes. Under a direct popular vote system, no major candidate could waste much time or concern over Alaska's 120,000 registered voters scattered over 586,412 square miles.



MISSOURI ELECTORS MEETING IN CAVE (1952)
A little like the law of gravity.

Bayh was quick to point out that the measure itself was never allowed to come to a floor vote. The effect was the same: the survival of the electoral vote system is assured through 1972 and perhaps beyond.

Alaska Freeze-Out. The plan does have some hazards, despite overwhelming support in the House of Representatives, the *pro forma* approval of a Senate majority. Opponents argue that it would end the strong two-party system. Because a candidate would need 40% of the vote to win, parties would proliferate, they contend, with several candidates trying to drain off enough votes to force a runoff between the two front runners. Losing primary candidates could then barter their support for the runoff.

Bayh insists that runoffs would be a rarity. He points out that only one President failed to carry at least 40% of the popular vote (Abraham Lincoln won in 1860 with 39.79%). A greater dan-

Several Senators weighed in with variations aimed at making Bayh's proposal more palatable. North Carolina's Sam Ervin was willing to drop electors but not electoral votes. The Ervin plan would eliminate the danger inherent in human electors: that their votes can be bartered in a three-way race in which no candidate wins a majority.

In time, the built-in perils of the electoral system may indeed lead to a presidential election deadlock similar to the Hayes-Tilden race in 1876. That would force Congress to make a change. But in the absence of such a crisis, a small but crucial bloc is likely to continue to force Congress to hew to a line of thought expressed in 1956 by Senator John F. Kennedy, who four years later was himself involved in a presidential election in which his electoral-vote margin was large, his popular plurality razor thin. "It seems to me that Falkland's definition of conservatism is quite appropriate," Kennedy said. "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change."

POLITICS

The Fight for the 69

Throughout the 360-mile length of Wisconsin's sprawling Seventh Congressional District, overalled farmers, aproned waitresses, white-collared clerks and blue-collared factory hands last week listened to the latest political litanies. Democrats, they heard, are soft on law-and-order, profligate with public funds, cop-outs on Viet Nam. Republicans, they were told, represent recession, militarism, the special interests of the rich. On Nov. 3, the Wisconsin Seventh will decide which set of accusations they believe.

The Seventh is a microcosm of American political concern and action in 1970. Its rich dairyland country increasingly feels the encroachments of large factories. Its economy is lagging. Taxes are high. Republican Andre LeTendre is emphasizing his support of Richard Nixon (and the Green Bay Packers) as he asks his neighbors to send him to Congress. Democrat David Obey is there now and wants to stay.

Marginal Seats. Of 435 congressional districts, only 69 are considered marginal—won by 5% or less of the total vote in the last election. Obey squeaked through with a mere 51.5% in a 1969 special election to choose a successor to Melvin Laird, who had resigned to become Secretary of Defense. It is in such close races that the tilt of the next House of Representatives will be determined.

On a crisp, clear, early autumn morning last week, LeTendre began a typical 16-hour campaign day—typical for him and for the 137 other Republicans and Democrats competing for marginal seats. Young (33), articulate, conservative and a former president of the National Jaycees, LeTendre ventured into a feed mill, roadside restaurant, bakery and hardware store. His opponent was "spending crazy," LeTendre charged. Agreeing with a disgruntled early morning beer drinker that property tax revenues should not be used for welfare, the candidate argued that Nixon's proposal to share federal revenues with the states would ease the local tax burden. As 60 citizens sipped coffee and ate doughnuts, LeTendre told them Nixon "is bringing our men out of Vietnam." He aligned himself with the deep-seated revulsion against campus violence that was inflamed by an August bombing at the University of Wisconsin. He countered Democratic arguments that defense spending must be cut: "A strong America is more important than even clean air, waste disposal and pollution." In the main, listeners were interested and impressed. At another point one farmer shocked the candidate. "It doesn't make much difference who goes to Congress," he grumbled. "They try to line their own pockets."

Issues Clear. Confined to Washington during the week by House business, Obey, 32, is counterattacking in person

on weekends, and otherwise via 30- and 60-second TV spots. The commercials show Obey in a chat with a rural constituent, stressing the evils of "corporate and hobby farming," advocating strict curbs on cheese imports, arguing the need for better health services. Obey, an unabashed liberal, tells his constituents that only by curtailing the flow of billions of tax dollars to the development of weapons systems, only by getting U.S. troops out of Viet Nam, only by limiting outlays for space adventures can the nation meet its pressing educational, health and social needs. For voters of the Wisconsin Seventh, the issues are clearly drawn.

1972 Portent. At power centers of the two major political parties, such tests of voter sentiment as the Obey-LeTendre fight are being closely watched. In off years, congressional elections afford the nearest approximation of a national referendum that is available in the American political system. Nearly always, the party holding the White House suffers losses.* This year, Republicans expect to retain most of the 188 seats that are now theirs; the most optimistic among them foresee small inroads into the 243-seat Democratic bastion (there are four vacancies). Virtually no one concedes the G.O.P. a chance of winning control.

Though the personalities of the candidates and local concerns loom large in all of the 69 marginal districts, voters will be registering a judgment on the way Richard Nixon and his Republican Administration are running the country. Politicians of both parties need look back only to 1966 for a dramatic example of how off-year elections can become portents of the future. The Democrats lost 47 House seats that year; two years later they lost the most important seat of all—the one in the Oval Office at the White House.

REPUBLICANS

The Special Spiro Pin

How the Nixon Administration would handle its most rebellious Republican Senator, Charles Goodell of New York, has been one of the fall's more fascinating guessing games. Last week Spiro Agnew provided the answer: the quiet-spoken Goodell would be treated like the meanest of Democrats.

Agnew had been hinting for some time that there is a Republican among the Senate Radical-Liberals, the villains of his political set piece. He finally named Goodell an R.-L. during an interview in North Dakota, declaring that the New Yorker had "left his party" by opposing President Nixon on Viet Nam, economic policy and law-and-order issues. Agnew planned to come to New York this week to address a group



GOODPELL



AGNEW



MORTON

Answer to the guessing game.

of conservative political contributors who are hardly likely to number Goodell among their beneficiaries. Agnew's appearance will seem to many politicians to be a frank pitch for James Buckley, the Conservative Party candidate, who has pledged to support the White House if he is elected.

Unpleasant Reminder. For his part, Goodell has little to lose—and perhaps something to gain—from the Agnew attack. He met it head-on by claiming that Agnew was out to "purge" him. Said Goodell: "This is campaign season, and the Vice President is on the campaign trail. But let's not try to imply that people who disagree with the Administration on this or that issue are somehow like the people who 'trash' campuses and burn banks and blow up mathematics centers. That sort of rhetoric is an unpleasant reminder of the chilling political climate of the early 1950s." That sort of talk by Goodell is also an unmistakable suggestion that Agnew is adopting the tactics of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. In a press conference, Goodell appealed to Nixon to "intervene and ask Agnew to cool his rhetoric."

Assuming the underdog role in a state where Agnew is not particularly popular was a shrewd move. Goodell, who in the last two years has earned a national reputation as a leading Administration critic of the war, is seeking election to a full term. He is beset by a strong Democratic candidate in Richard Ottinger, the Buckley candidacy and defections in Republican ranks because of his liberal stance. While he has been careful not to attack the President personally during the campaign, he is presenting himself as an independent, principled Republican who will not bow to high-level pressure. His tough response to Agnew apparently reflects his belief that he can approach liberal voters with greater success if he sports an "Attacked by Spiro" pin.

Not for the First Time. For Agnew, too, political reality may have weighed as heavily as philosophical differences. Polls show Goodell running behind, and the White House may have concluded it had little to lose by betting on the long shot, Buckley. It would not be the first time national-level Republicans have despaired of the liberal brand of politics practiced by New York's G.O.P. Agnew, in fact, addressed a Buckley fund-raising affair in 1968 when the Conservative was running against Liberal-Republican Jacob Javits. And practical considerations clearly motivated Rogers C.B. Morton, the Republican national chairman, who manfully tried to keep the peace while the hard words flew. He said of Goodell: "If he's a Republican in New York, he's a Republican with me." Agnew dismissed the Morton statement as that of a "party functionary" who cannot deviate from his party loyalty.

* Only twice in this century has the incumbent President's party gained House seats in off years—in 1902 and 1934. The average off-year loss is eight seats.

CALIFORNIA

Ordeal by Fire Storm

Up in the Laguna Mountains, the flames were barely visible at first. Franklin Greene, 59, a court reporter who lives in a hillside house near the town of Jamul, east of San Diego, watched the distant flickerings with little concern, then took some relatives out to dinner. Just before 6 the next morning, a group of hippies from a commune farther down the mountain roused Greene and warned him to flee.

Greene was still thinking in terms of creeping brushfires. He packed his car with some clothes and paintings. His visitors drove the car down to Jamul. After 8 a.m., smoke turned the sky to midnight. In gathering panic, Greene walked, then ran down the road toward the town,

lost his house and 27 of his 28 Maltese cats. With their driveway blocked by flames, Bud and Blossom Snievey jumped across the fields in their car just ahead of the fire that turned their farm to cinders. Much of Jamul itself was incinerated.

All over Southern California fires burned for over a week. They charred 525,000 acres of brushland, destroyed 400 homes and 300 other buildings, and left eleven dead and 350 injured. In a state prone to immoderate disasters of flooding, earthquake and fire, it was the worst conflagration in history. Figuring that each acre of chaparral brush contains up to 30 tons of highly combustible fuel, the heat energy generated by the fires amounted to that of 12,500 Hiroshima bombs.

Natural conditions conspired at com-

the casualties were beach houses owned by Tuesday Weld and Angela Lansbury, Dale Robertson's spread, part of Spahn's Movie Ranch, where Charles Manson's tribe used to live, and some acreage belonging to Governor Ronald Reagan.

Floods Next. The overriding demands of disaster forged some improbable alliances. Longhairs joined policemen and firemen in fighting the fires at Malibu. But there were also hippies who staggered into the sheriff's station after working the fire lines and said that they could not get eye drops to ease their smoke irritation. Sheriffs arrested one long-haired man in front of his endangered house, where he had gone to rescue his mother. He was booked for reckless driving and resisting arrest, and was jailed for two days before charges were dismissed.

When the fires were spent, people returned to the blackened foundations of their houses. In Chatsworth, Mrs. Ray Klein shoveled through the ashes of what was once her bedroom, sifting until she came up triumphantly with a diamond ring. Many of those who had been burned out were determined to build again on the same sites, though they know that by a perversity of nature the fires, having burned off so much ground cover, were likely to bring on a disaster of floods.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Jackson-Kent Killings

Richard Nixon originally appointed the Scranton commission because of the bloodshed at Jackson State and Kent State universities. Having reported first on the general tensions between students and society, the group has now turned to specific cases. The last two reports it has released leave no ground for charges of being "imprecise" or "equivocal." Instead, they come down hard on Mississippi policemen and strongly criticize the Ohio National Guard for their indiscriminate firing at students last spring.

At Jackson State, the commission concluded, "racial animosity on the part of white police officers was a substantial contributing factor in the deaths of two black youths and the gunshot injuries of twelve more." It also placed blame for the killings on "the confidence of white officers that if they fire weapons during a black campus disturbance, they will face neither stern departmental discipline nor criminal prosecution or conviction."

As the commission reconstructed events, the firing began without any warning and evidently without any order from the police commanders. The investigators also confirmed reports that the crowd of 75 to 200 students had taunted the police and pelted them with a "small number of bottles, rocks and bricks." But, the report added, this was far short of the "constant barrage of flying missiles" described by police.

The commission, however, was unable to determine whether the police had been subjected to sniper fire, and that is the report's greatest weakness. Police



FLAMES IN THE HILLS ABOVE MALIBU BEACH
The heat energy of 12,500 Hiroshimas.

dropping the large pendulum clock that he meant to save. "I fell down," Greene remembers. "I had a flashlight, but I still couldn't see a thing. Sparks were falling all around me. I got lost in the chaparral. Finally I found a water pipe and followed it down."

Immoderate Disasters. At 9, the fire storm rushed down the mountain, not feeding on brush but moving almost preternaturally five feet off the ground and stretching 40 feet in the air. At the crest above Greene's house it took on new oxygen from the valley's updraft. Truck Driver Andrew Board, whose house just down the road was almost miraculously spared, recalls: "It came with a great rumbling, deafening roar. I never knew they roared like that." Riding hot, dry winds of up to 70 m.p.h., the fire blasted down on Greene's \$70,000 house, vaporized the commune, James Parnell, 82, one of the original settlers of the valley,

bustion, with occasional assists from man. There had been no significant rain for 200 days, humidity was down to 5%, and temperatures climbed over 100°. Hot, seasonal Santa Ana winds swept in from the desert to the northeast. To make it worse, heavy rains two winters ago had nourished an unusually heavy undergrowth, now dust-dry. Police reported that there were some instances of arson as well.

The first ignition occurred in the Malibu area above Los Angeles, apparently the result of careless trash burning. Sparked high in Las Virgenes Canyon, the flames spread across 50 acres in five minutes and were soon rushing toward the sea, consuming the \$100,000 houses of movie stars and businessmen. Another fire broke out to the north near Newhall, in the dry foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains. The two blazes later joined at the Ventura Freeway. Among

claim that they opened fire on the students only in self-defense. But the report clearly condemned the ferocity of police response. "Even if there was sniper fire—a question on which we have found conflicting evidence," it stated, "the 28-second barrage of lethal gunfire . . . was completely unwarranted and unjustified." The commission also cast doubts on police contentions that they had fired over the heads of the crowd. Both of the dead students, it observed, were at ground level. One was found lying on the side of the street opposite the alleged sniper's window.

Turning to Kent State, the commission "strongly suggested that no sniper fire preceded the 61-shot National Guard fusillade that resulted in the death of four students. It also took Guard leaders to task for allowing Guardsmen to carry live ammunition on campus. In contrast to the police at Jackson, however, Guardsmen at Kent State were portrayed as panic-stricken, acting out of confusion and fear.

RACES

Support for the Badge

Both the setting and the action are cruelly familiar: the Glenville area of Cleveland, a black neighborhood with a history of racial militancy, frequent crime, hostility between residents and police. Late at night, two white cops stop two young blacks in a car for running a stop sign; the driver cannot produce a license, but suddenly there is a gun in his hand and he is firing. One policeman, Joseph Tracz, 27, is killed. The other, Frederick Fulton, 28, is seriously wounded.

What set last week's violence apart from similar assaults on police was the community's response. Law-abiding residents of Glenville had been seeking better protection from hoodlums and reckless drivers, realizing that blacks rather than whites are the most frequent victims of ghetto crime. Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes, who is black, capitalized on this realization in a televised appeal to Glenville: "You cannot have this kind of violence and acts against police while at the same time a neighborhood is crying out for more law enforcement. You can't have it both ways. You can't have police protection and police shot."

Stokes also called on the people to "support the police with the maximum information that may lead to the apprehension of those who were part of this crime." The police, meanwhile, identified two suspects, Leonard Miller, 23, and Eddie Hampton, 21. Though neither suspect had been captured by week's end, Stokes' plea produced results. Police received a number of calls from neighborhood residents who had information about the crime. Help also came from Miller's mother and sister, who reported to police that Leonard had telephoned them asking for assistance. They refused.

PORNOGRAPHY

Is Smut Good for You?

When they were leaked to the press two months ago, some of the more libertarian conclusions of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography enraged those who fear that smut is polluting U.S. morals. Released officially and in full last week, the report of the panel's majority gave critics more to complain about than their wildest fantasies could have conjured up. Not only is pornography guiltless as a cause of crime, delinquency, deviance or emotional disturbance, said the majority, it can actually strengthen conjugal ties.

Of the group's 18 members, twelve viewed pornography positively. As evidence, they cited one study in which "substantial proportions" of people ex-

DAVID A. LOUGHE



STOREFRONT ON 42nd STREET
Positive view by the majority.

posed to erotica believed that the effect on them had been "socially desirable." Participants in experiments that exposed married couples to films and literature traditionally reserved for stag parties claimed that the experience "lowered inhibitions" between husband and wife, increased "willingness to experiment" and heightened "satisfaction with marital sex life."

Shielding Children. Finding no specific social ailment for which pornography could be indicted, the 622-page majority report concluded that there was "no warrant for continued governmental interference with the full freedom of adults to read, obtain or view" sexually explicit materials. The report went on to advocate repeal of all laws curbing adults' access to pornography. It proposed, however, that children be shielded from commercially distributed materials. Further, it urged that certain

public displays of pictures be banned from "public thoroughfares." But, said the commission, sex education should be expanded and improved while research on pornography continues.

Behind the recommendations lay the belief that enforcement of anti-smut laws is impossible, time-wasting, and a "threat to the free communication of ideas among Americans." Only a minority of Americans, said the commission members, favor censorship; a majority cherish the right to decide individually what books to read and what films to see.

Chairman William B. Lockhart, dean of the University of Minnesota Law School, said that he had undertaken his study with no preconceived ideas and had not tried to "brainwash" the rest of the panel. It was clear that the minority was not intimidated. Charles Keating Jr., the only Nixon appointee on the commission—the rest, as the Administration had stressed, were named by Lyndon Johnson—branded the report "a declaration of moral bankruptcy," "the epitome of government-gone-berserk," and "a travesty preordained by the . . . prejudice of its chairman."

Dirty Magna Carta. Among with common sense, said Keating, knows intuitively that "one who wallows in filth is going to get dirty" and that "those who will spend millions of dollars to tell us otherwise must be malicious or misguided or both." Keating charged that the report "flouts the underlying opinions and desires of the great mass of the American people."

To Commission Members Winfrey C. Link and Morton A. Hill, both clergymen, the majority report was "a Magna Carta for the pornographer," fraudulent because it was based on "scanty and manipulated evidence." Pornography, they contended, is "loveless, degrades the human being and reduces him to the level of animal."

Not Our Baby. In the Administration and on Capitol Hill, response was swift. Spiro Agnew asserted that "it's not our baby," and promised that "as long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to turn into Smut Alley." Senator Thomas Dodd's Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency prepared to summon commission members for some sharp questioning about the panel's mandate. In the opinion of some angry Congressmen, the investigators had ignored their assigned tasks of defining obscenity and pornography, determining its effect on children, and proposing federal anti-smut laws. Other Congressmen began filling the hopper with the restrictive bills that had been held up awaiting completion of the panel's work. Already reported by the House Judiciary Committee: an Administration bill to ban use of the mails for delivery of unsolicited smut. Whatever the merits of the report, one thing is sure: Congress is not about to make the U.S. the second country in the world, after Denmark, to lift all restrictions on pornography.

THE WORLD



GOVERNMENT LEADERS WAITING TO JOIN NASSER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION*

Nasser's Legacy: Hope and Instability

Within the Arab circle, there is a role wandering aimlessly in search of a hero. This role is beckoning to us—to move, to take up its lines, to put on its costume and give it life.

—Gamal Abdel Nasser
Egypt's Liberation

THAT mystical role has still not found its hero; perhaps it never will. It lingered long and lovingly when it happened upon Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, but then it moved on—still searching. Yet Nasser came closer to filling the role than any other man since the 12th century warrior Saladin or perhaps the powerful 9th century Caliph of Baghdad Harun al-Rashid. A burly, broad-shouldered army officer, son of a lower-middle-class postal clerk, Nasser overturned a rotting monarchy 18 years ago and brought visions of prosperity to his own country and hope for new unity to a diffuse and frustrated Arab world. At the time of his stunningly unexpected death last week at 52, his original visions had long since been altered; his initial promise had been compromised many times over.

Nasser carried out drastic land reforms, wiping out a parasitic pasha class that had lived off the poverty-stricken peasants for generations. But not long before his death, with per capita income in Egypt still just over \$180, he was finally forced to admit that his dreams of building a modern industrial nation had gone a-glimmering, that the most he could do for his overpopulated land was to keep it from sliding backward. Nasser had himself mostly to blame. He precipitated a succession of feuds and intrigues with virtually every one of Egypt's Arab neighbors. He was humiliated in two wars with Israel, and sent 70,000 Egyptian soldiers off on a bloody misadventure in

Yemen. To rebuild his army, he allowed himself to become the bondsman of the Soviet Union, and he squandered Egypt's limited resources in pursuit of disastrously misguided goals.

Yet for all his mistakes and shortcomings, Nasser managed one inestimable accomplishment. To the people of Egypt and the rest of the Arab world, he imparted a sense of personal worth and national pride that they had not known for 400 years. This alone may have been enough to balance his flaws and failures. The Arabs thought so, and when a heart attack felled him, Beirut's French-language daily *Le Jour* cried: "One hundred million human beings—the Arabs—are orphans. There is nothing greater than this man who is gone, and nothing is greater than the gap he has left behind."

Branches and Banners

From Algiers to Aden, Marrakech to Muscat, Nasser's death united Arabs in grief. Everywhere the plaintive cry went up: "Why do you leave us alone, Gamal?" From loudspeakers atop minarets in a thousand towns and cities wafted the reedy, lugubrious voices of muezzins chanting verses from the Koran.

Spontaneous demonstrations erupted throughout the Middle East. In Beirut, Arabs poured into the streets to light funeral bonfires of old tires, shoot off rifles and explode dynamite charges; 14 people were dead by the time the frenzy faded three days later. In countless Arab towns and villages, weeping men bore empty coffins in mock funerals, with women following behind, tearing their hair in grief.

In Israeli-occupied Jerusalem, 75,000 Arabs paraded through the old city. In Arabic they chanted, "Nasser will not die," and to make certain that watching Israelis understood, they intermit-

tently switched to Hebrew, "*Nasser lo yamut.*" At the compound enclosing Al Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock, where Mohammed is supposed to have ascended to heaven, mourning Arabs were only a few yards away from Jews gathered at the Wailing Wall for Rosh Hashana prayers marking the start of the Hebrew year 5731. Among the Israeli worshippers was the old antagonist who had twice helped humble Nasser on the battlefield, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan.

It was in Cairo, the capital of Nasser's own country, that anguish over his death reached its peak. All week long, the lower-class fellahin poured into the city. They came on foot or riding donkeys, aboard bicycles or cars or ancient trucks, clinging precariously to the roofs and sides of trains rolling into the city's Central Station. Like members of some giant caravan at rest, they camped all over Cairo. They watched the comings and goings at the Kubbeh Republican Palace, where dignitaries made solemn calls. They wept at the new Nasr Mosque in the suburb of Manshiet al Bakri, where laborers silently dug a five-foot crypt.

Finally came the moment for which the caravan had gathered. Flying low over the Nile, four Soviet-built helicopters landed beside a palace on Gezira Island, the original headquarters of Nasser's Revolutionary Command Council. From the lead copter, a flag-draped coffin was unloaded and strapped to a gun carriage pulled by six black horses. A funeral cortege formed, with a troop of lance-bearing cavalrymen leading the way. Six military bands,

* From left: Jordan's King Hussein, Egyptian Foreign Affairs Adviser Mahmoud Fawzi, French Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, and Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus.



BOUAFIA—ASTORIA 330524F

Atop lampposts (above) and railroad cars (right), mourners pay final homage to Nasser. Millions poured into Cairo for the funeral, and spontaneous demonstrations erupted everywhere as keeners led the crowds in shouting Nasser's name over and over. The throng was so dense along the six-mile route that it was difficult to keep the coffin on its carriage.

JACQUES BURLOT—LIAISON



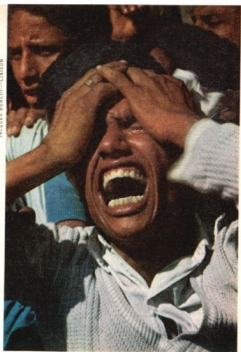
GORDON CLARK—LITTON



Guards with whips flail at crowd in futile attempt to keep mourners from storming the wooden casket.



Funeral cortege snakes through streets of Cairo.



JACQUES KAVATZ—L'ESPRESSO

Grief overcomes a mourner.



JOHN ELLIS—HARRISON



Soldiers mass around Nasser's flag-draped coffin as weeping crowds press in on all sides.

the morning sun glinting richly off their brass, struck up the melancholy strains of Chopin's *Funeral March*. Twenty-seven visiting chiefs of state, eleven Prime Ministers and 22 other foreign delegates assembled behind the gun carriage. The first rounds of a 101-gun salute reverberated across the city. At least 5,000,000 people had turned out for the funeral; Cairo in its thousand and one years had never seen such a spectacle. The mourners waited on the bank of the Nile, 200 deep in some places; they hung from trees and lamp-posts and fragile scaffolds, and they pressed against a wall of police 14 men thick. "There is no God but Allah, and Nasser is God's beloved," they chanted. "Nasser is not dead. Each of us is Nasser."

Facing Mecca

The gun carriage had hardly gone 15 yards onto El Tahrir Bridge when the crowd swept from the Nile's banks to engulf it. The dignitaries behind it were supposed to march nearly a mile to the headquarters of the Arab Socialist Union and there make way for a "popular funeral," in which the common people would escort Nasser's body to the burial mosque. The officials could scarcely move at all. Police tried unsuccessfully to beat back the crowds with braided whips and bamboo sticks.

Lancers on horseback found themselves hemmed in by hordes of peasants wearing the loose-fitting robes called *galabias*. It took 45 minutes for the cortege to move 100 yards. French Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas fought to maintain his balance and at the same time save diminutive (5 ft. 2 in.) Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia from being trampled. Security men decided that the scene was unsafe and urged the official mourners to leave. Dour Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin was whisked away to the Soviet embassy. Jordan's King Hussein was surrounded by a squad of bodyguards and escorted to safety.

The procession finally reached Nasr Mosque, renamed Abdel Nasser Mosque as a tribute, but not before the coffin had been transferred to an armored car, which rammed through the crowd at 25 m.p.h. Nasser's widow Tahia fainted at one point. One Egyptian newscaster who was describing the proceedings passed out, and at least three others broke down and wept. Wrapped in a white sheet, Nasser's body was removed from the coffin and lowered into its crypt. The face was carefully turned toward Mecca, 800 miles away across the Red Sea. Nasser's soul, as far as devout Moslems were concerned, was already with God. He had succumbed on the anniversary of Mohammed's ascent

into heaven, an auspicious occasion on which to die.

Nasser's last rites were the final confirmation of the immense influence he had exerted in Egypt—and beyond. His death unstabilizes an area that has become the most volatile in the world. Beyond the continual coups, the constant bickering and the incessant intrigues were two related problems: the civil war in Jordan between Palestinian guerrillas and King Hussein's Bedouin-backed government, and the long-festering war with Israel. Just before Nasser's death, a number of Egyptians were voicing cautious optimism about the prospects for peace. "We can't go on like this," said a leader of Egypt's national assembly. "We are spending half a billion pounds a year to finance this war. Israel is hurting the same way. When two countries need peace as badly as we two do, we can find a way." Such optimism gave way to uncertainty and anxiety when Nasser died.

Problems of Succession

But even as Egypt ponders the problem of belligerency with Israel, it faces a more immediate concern—the selection of Nasser's successor (see box). Under the Egyptian constitution, Vice President Anwar Sadat becomes Acting President. Within 60 days, the National Assembly must nominate a President

Candidates to Fill Cairo's Leadership Vacuum

WHEN asked why he refused to parcel out any real power to his ministers, Nasser once replied: "Show me ten men I can trust and I'll start delegating authority." Apparently he never found them. Before his death, Nasser refused to groom a political heir. The resulting vacuum in leadership could lead to chaos, to a collective leadership or even to a sudden *coup d'état* executed by a young unknown, just as happened 18 years ago.

For the short term, however, there are three present or former Nasser lieutenants who are mentioned most often as successors. To gain the presidency, one of them must be nominated by two-thirds of the 350-member National Assembly and confirmed by popular vote.

A Crowded Field. Perhaps the most obvious possibility is Anwar Sadat, 52, who as Vice President became interim head of state upon Nasser's death. Of the original 14-member revolutionary team that overthrew King Farouk, only two men still hold political posts, and Sadat is one of them. Completely loyal to Nasser, he took on a long succession of foreign and domestic jobs, including the speakership of the National Assembly. Colorless except for his frequent anti-Western snipes, Sadat has never attempted to cultivate a following of his own. Thus his election might temporarily satisfy more serious contenders.

If there is a "Russian candidate," it is Ali Sabry, 52, one-time Secretary General of Nasser's Arab Socialist Union (A.S.U.) and "honorary general" in charge of Egypt's Russian-built air-defense system. Sabry is a former Minister of Presidential Affairs, ex-Prime Minister and Egypt's chief liaison with the Soviet Union. The Soviets insisted that Sabry accompany Nasser to Moscow in July. They would clearly like to continue the relationship, which helps make Sabry the most powerful man in Egypt today. But he is far from being the most popular, especially among the military.

Sabry's political opposite is Zakaria Mohieddin, 52, former intelligence chief and a member of the original 14-man cabal that overthrew the monarchy. Mohieddin is an intellectual and Egypt Firster who favors a settlement with Israel and development of friendlier relations with the West; as a result, coffeehouse chatter brands him, unjustly but damningly, as "the C.I.A. candidate." When Nasser offered his calculated resignation following the Six-Day War, he named Mohieddin, then one of Egypt's three Vice Presidents, as his successor. Nasser quickly resumed his post and a year later, after a fallout over economic policy, Mohieddin went into premature retirement. He is considered a long shot, but he has the backing of a small group of influential moderates, possibly including Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, Guidance Minister and editor of *Al Ahrām*. After Nasser's funeral, Heikal's paper printed a story—later proved untrue—that Mohieddin's main rivals, Sadat and Sabry, had suffered heart attacks during the ceremony.

Other candidates in a crowded field:

- ▶ Hussein Shafei, 52, No. 3 man in the A.S.U. and the only active politician besides Sadat among Nasser's original 14 officers. Like the interim president, the mild-spoken Shafei would probably try to govern as though Nasser were still alive.
- ▶ Sami Sharaf, 43, longtime head of the President's information office, who is thought by some to have been Nasser's most trusted adviser at the time of his death.
- ▶ Mahmoud Fawzi, 70, ex-Foreign Minister and Nasser's chief adviser on foreign affairs. A diplomat under King Farouk, the scholarly Fawzi was one of the Nasser regime's few links with Egypt's past. He is not to be confused with Lieut. General Mohammed Fawzi, 52, Egypt's blunt War Minister, who has all but declared himself out of the succession.

and submit his name to a referendum.

Whoever emerges as the successor, one thing is certain: though he will be in formal command of the most populous (33.5 million) and powerful country in the Arab world, he will enjoy only a fraction of the authority that Nasser wielded. The key question is whether he will be sufficiently strong to resist Arab pressure to resume the war with Israel. Nasser had been well aware of this dilemma. A few years ago, he told a British biographer, David Wynne-Morgan: "I categorically do not want to go to war with Israel. But any Arab leader who says so will be out the following morning." When Israeli Transport Minister Shimon Peres heard of the Egyptian President's death, he spoke in a similar vein: "Nasser had experienced enough shocks of war to be careful in the future. His successor may not be so careful."

Nonbelligerent Atmosphere

Complicating the situation is the vast Soviet presence that has been established in Egypt, not to mention the rest of the Middle East. There are between 12,000 and 15,000 Russians in Egypt—from economists and engineers to missile technicians and MIG pilots—and any successor to Nasser will have to keep them in mind when he deals with Israel. Sovietologists do not believe that Russia wants all-out war with Israel, but they point out that "controlled tension," not peace, guarantees a sizable role for Moscow in the Middle East. Premier Kosygin and the high-powered four-man delegation of military and Middle East experts who accompanied him to Cairo were not there merely to mourn Nasser. The Russians may be hoping to influence the selection of his successor; the day after Nasser was buried, Kosygin and Soviet First Deputy Defense Minister Matvei Zakharov discussed matters with Sadat and former Prime Minister Ali Sabry, who is Russia's foremost advocate in Egypt.

While the Russians moved swiftly to protect their multibillion dollar investment in Egypt, there was little the Israelis could do but sit back and wait—and hope. The government's television channels, after announcing news of Nasser's death, followed with an apt quote from *Proverbs 24:17*: "Do not rejoice when your enemy falls and let not your heart be glad when he stumbles." The Cabinet, hastily summoned, ordered Israeli front-line troops on alert until events were sorted out. Foreign Minister Abba Eban pointedly offered Nasser's potential successor a nonbelligerent atmosphere in which to operate. With the 90-day cease-fire between his country and Egypt due to expire early next month, Eban said at the United Nations: "We do not recognize a deadline. Israel will not open fire just because a certain date has been reached on the calendar." Richard Nixon and Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath lent weight to Eban's words at week's end



NASSER AT TEN



A MAJOR IN 1948 WAR



AT HOME



RECEIVING ACCLAMATION AFTER FIRST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT IN 1954

when they proposed a 9-day extension of the cease-fire.

Nixon received word of Nasser's death earlier in the week, just after he had been ferried by helicopter from Rome to the Sixth Fleet aircraft carrier *Saratoga* during his Mediterranean tour (see THE NATION). The President, Foreign Affairs Adviser Henry Kissinger and other aides closeted themselves in a captain's suite aboard the carrier to evaluate the news. The White House group knew almost nothing about Nasser's possible successors. A list of candidates, accompanied by dossiers, was flashed to the Mediterranean via *Saratoga*'s two radio links to Washington.

Forgiveness in Grief

Nixon chose Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson to represent him in Cairo. One reason: Richardson, who until recently was Under Secretary of State, was more experienced diplomatically than Nixon's initial choice, Presidential Counsellor Robert Finch. Some U.S. observers nonetheless deplored the fact that Nixon had not sent Secretary of State William Rogers. It was Rogers who devised the cease-fire that Nasser accepted in August, and his presence might have helped mend the fractured relations between the U.S. and the Arabs. As one ob-

server put it: "The Arabs forgive everything in their grief, you know."

In addition to attending the funeral, Richardson was instructed to determine the status of the cease-fire talks between Egypt, Jordan, Israel and United Nations Negotiator Gunnar Jarring. The talks, stymied by Nasser's missile movements near the Suez Canal and by Jordan's civil war, will almost certainly be suspended indefinitely. United Nations Secretary-General U Thant acknowledged as much last week when he decided to let Diplomat Jarring return to his regular assignment as Swedish Ambassador to Moscow. Nasser was indispensable to getting the talks going. Before his death, he hinted through his U.N. ambassador that Egypt might move some missiles back in exchange for U.S. guarantees against an Israeli attack on Egyptian territory. With Nasser gone, there is no Egyptian who possesses enough power to risk the reaction that might follow an order to pull back. Only *El Rais*—"the Boss," as Arabs jocularly called Nasser—could do that.

As far as the Arab masses were concerned, there was little that the boss could not accomplish. His great value, Arabist Elie Salem of Beirut's American University points out, "was not so much what he did, but what he meant to people." To most, he meant hope. "Sala-



BEER KATZ - GETTY IMAGES 1958

WITH FAMILY IN 1967



KEISER UPPA

KNEELING AT PRAYER IN 1959

WITH KHRUSHCHEV AT ASWAN DAM IN 1964



AP/WIDE WORLD

din achieved success through his political and diplomatic skill," says Salem, "but there was no question of identifying with the masses. Since the time of the Prophet, Nasser was the first leader to address himself to the *shaab*, the forgotten masses, rather than to the intellectuals." The masses saw him as the hero who would unify the Arab world after hundreds of disastrous years.

For contemporary Arabs, Nasser was a man who seemed to promise a return to the glories of ancient times. A long and luminous success for the Arabs began in the 7th century with the appearance of Mohammed, along with his religion Islam (submission to God's will) and his 80,000-word book of holy writ, the Koran. Under Mohammed's exhortations, the flaming sword of Islam extended Moslem dominion across the Mediterranean basin. Arab armies broke the Byzantine and Persian empires and carried the crescent emblem of Mohammedanism as far west as Spain and southern France and as far east as India and the Chinese border. Saladin, a Kurdish warrior raised in 12th century Arab Damascus, defended the Holy Land against two Crusades. By the 13th century, the Arab people had forged a greater empire than Alexander the Great or any of the Caesars. With Europe engulfed by the Dark Ages, the Arabs became custodians of the world's culture and science. The unifying element was the Arabic tongue; it displaced other languages as Islam spread, and today, where

its use leaves off, the Arab world ends.

Before Mohammed ascended heavenward, he neglected to name a successor. As a result, competing caliphs or successors sprang up, and their feuds finally sapped Arab power. Portuguese sailors discovered new routes to the Orient around Africa; Arab ports and customhouses ceased to be significant in world trade. Asian marauders kept Arab armies on the defensive. By the 16th century, the Arabs had fallen under the sway of the Ottoman Empire. After Napoleon's Egyptian campaign and later the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, they were dominated by a succession of Western European colonial nations. All that remained for the Arabs was religion, language and hope.

Corruption and Laziness

When Nasser was born in Alexandria in 1918, the city owed more to French and British culture than to Egyptian. Things native were regarded as inferior. As late as 1945, a Westerner who had just moved to Alexandria was advised by a friend to learn "the language of the country immediately." When he protested that Arabic would be difficult to master in a short time, his friend snapped: "Not Arabic, stupid. French. That is the language we speak here."

The eldest of eleven children, Nasser grew up a rebellious boy, quarreling with his strict father and failing six times in the first nine years of his schooling. At the age of 16, he impulsively

jumped into a street fight between a group of youths and the police. Hauled off to jail, he asked the boy next to him: "Who are you and what were we fighting about?" The youths were members of an independence movement called El Fatat (Young Egypt). Nasser soon became a member.

Accepted into the Royal Military Academy, he was appalled at the corruption and laziness that existed in King Farouk's army. During the 1948 war against the new state of Israel, Major Nasser was wounded in the shoulder by sniper fire during one battle, and his unit was surrounded by the Israelis at Faluja. In his newly published *Genesis 1948*, former Foreign Correspondent Dan Kurtzman records a fascinating encounter—arranged during a temporary truce—between the hard-pressed young major and Yeroham Cohen, aide to an Israeli commander named Yigal Allon, now Israel's Deputy Premier. Nasser seemed more bitter toward the British than the Israelis, telling Cohen that "they pushed us into a war we were not ready for." Then he asked: "How did you do it [get rid of the British]? Maybe we can learn something from you."

Sense of Dignity

Almost immediately, Nasser was at work on his own plan. While still at Faluja he organized the first meeting of a secret group called Dobbat el Ahrar (the Free Officers), who gradually worked out a scheme to gain Egyptian independence. On July 23, 1952, troops under the Free Officers' command surrounded strategic buildings in Cairo and handed the profligate Farouk an ultimatum demanding that he renounce his throne. The King promptly sailed for Italy. Egypt's first President was Major General Mohammed Naguib, a military hero familiar to the public. But the new power in the country was the 34-year-old lieutenant colonel who had masterminded the brilliant, virtually bloodless coup: Gamal Abdel Nasser. Two years later, he became Egypt's ruler in name as well as fact. Naguib was placed under house arrest, and still remains under that restriction.

With his flashing eyes, dazzling smile and throbbing rhetoric, Nasser captivated Arabs everywhere. He cracked down on pasha society. He limited land ownership to a maximum of 208 acres, decreeing that larger plots be redistributed to the peasants. His goal, he said, was for the fellah to command a higher rate for a day's work than did the *gamoosa* (water buffalo). They still do not. The fellah costs 58¢ a day to hire; the *gamoosa*, 69¢.

Though he became a professed socialist in the last years of his life, Nasser stood for no doctrinaire political ideology. His movement, he admitted, was "a revolution without a plan." More precisely, it was a revolution to rid the Arab world of foreign domination—a job that was bound to involve tragic excesses. Former U.S. Ambassador to

From Country Boy to Epic Hero

TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn was living and reporting in the Middle East in 1952 when King Farouk was ousted in a coup brilliantly planned by a young Egyptian colonel named Gamal Abdel Nasser. In the years that followed, Wynn came to know Egypt's new leader well, and in 1959 published a study of him entitled *Nasser of Egypt: The Search for Dignity*. Wynn, whose present post is Rome, flew to Cairo a few hours after Nasser's death and cabled these reminiscences:

YOU had to live in Egypt in the 1950s really to understand Gamal Abdel Nasser. He used to read our copy every night before he went to sleep. Even if years went by without direct contact, we always had the feeling that he was reading over our shoulder, chewing rugs because of some of our words. He could be outraged that we didn't give his revolution the support he thought it deserved, but still he would respect us for our honesty. The greatest compliment he could give any newsmen came to me in 1962 when he told a visitor, "Wilton Wynn understands me."

If I did, perhaps it was because I am a Louisiana redneck, and I could understand an Egyptian redneck. Nasser was a hick. Though he was born in Alexandria, he was marked as a *Saidi*, a product of his father's village in upper Egypt, regarded as a vulgar character because his first language was Arabic instead of French.

I never felt I got the point of Nasser's revolution until I dined with a wealthy, French-educated Egyptian who came from the area of Beni Murr, the Abdel Nasser family's home town. I asked the man if he knew the family

and he answered, "Of course we knew them. But we never spoke to them. We would never speak to such people."

It was then that I found the subtitle of my book. Nasser symbolized a "search for dignity" throughout the Asian-African world. He emerged from the grass roots, from the silt of the Nile Valley. He was determined to make his people feel proud to be Egyptians instead of posing as carbon copies of Frenchmen or anyone else.

I must say unabashedly that I liked Nasser far more than any other public figure I have known as a newsmen. As demagogic as he may have sounded in his speeches, he was always the essence of sincerity and common sense in private talk. He could never understand that friends in the foreign press might sometimes criticize him. Often, after an address, he would call his press officer and ask, "What did Wynn think of the speech?" And sometimes he had to be told that I didn't like it. Yet these reports did not destroy our friendship.

In Yemen shortly after the Suez War, I heard a black dock porter reciting an epic poem to a group who lounged in the café smoking the hubble-bubble pipe and chewing *qat* (a mildly narcotic green leaf). Normally, he would have chanted verses about heroes of the past. On this occasion his epic hero was a man named Nasser, who stood on the beaches of Port Said and picked up the British tanks and the French planes and hurled them back into the sea. For him, for other black and brown and yellow men, and wherever the cry "*Allahu akbar*" (God is great) is heard from the minarets, the world has changed because of Gamal Abdel Nasser.

Cairo Raymond Hare has characterized it as "a revolution rather than a revolution." Convinced that Israel's statehood represented part of the domination that he detested, Nasser felt compelled to waste Egyptian resources in military conflicts with the new nation. At home, he became a dictator who jailed his political opponents and spied on outsiders.

Pageants of Sunrise

His greatest construction project was the vast Aswan High Dam, designed to generate cheap electricity and create some 1,500,000 acres of newly fertile land. To finance it, Nasser turned to both the U.S. and Russia. Rebuffed by the U.S. on a request to purchase weapons in 1955, Nasser stunned—and delighted—the Arab world by announcing that he had made an Iron Curtain arms deal through Czechoslovakia. U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles thereupon scratched Aswan as an American aid project, and Nasser responded by nationalizing the Suez Canal. "Americans," he cried, "may you choke on your fury!"

Britain and France, fearful of being strangled by a cutoff of Suez traffic, joined the Israelis in 1956 in a surprise attack on Egypt. Though Nasser's forces were badly beaten, he was saved when the U.S. and the Soviet Union combined to compel all three nations to withdraw their forces.

Nasser gained immense prestige throughout the Arab world, and he

quickly exploited it. In one Arab state after another, he engineered pro-Nasser takeovers. Nasser proudly called the coups "pageants of sunrise," but the results often did not last much past sundown. His agents in Iraq helped to assassinate King Feisal II, tried at times to topple Hussein in Jordan, and assisted successful revolutions in Libya and the Sudan. They filtered through so many Middle East capitals weaving plots that there were increasing protests. During a 1966 visit, former Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson told him: "Mr. President, the U.S. Government has received complaints from every Arab government of subversive activity by your people," Nasser, feebly professing surprise, said that surely there were at least one or two states where nothing had ever been attempted. "Mr. President," Anderson said, "there are no exceptions."

Nasser's greatest failure as a sponsor of revolution was in Yemen, where Egyptian troops fought for five years in an ill-advised campaign to depose the Imam Badr and replace him with a republican government. "I was convinced that I was participating in a genuine war of liberation," Nasser said after the campaign had ended. "By the time I found out it was a tribal war, it was too late to get out with honor. I found myself stuck." Small wonder that some observers dubbed Yemen "Nasser's Viet Nam."

His greatest debacle was awaiting him

in June 1967, when Nasser rashly took Syria's word that Israel was preparing an attack and ordered U.N. peacekeeping forces out of the Gaza Strip. He later admitted that he had not expected Secretary-General U Thant to comply. To his surprise, Thant rushed the U.N. troops out, leaving an obvious danger zone unguarded. In the face of Egyptian mobilization, the Israelis launched a devastating pre-emptive attack on Egypt. Drubbed in the Six-Day War, Nasser resigned, knowing that the Arab masses would plead for him to return. He did, a scant 16 hours after his resignation, promising that the Arabs would strike back against Israel with "one hand." Gradually rebuilding his forces, Nasser launched a "war of attrition" against the Israelis, who were dug in along the Suez Canal. Despite his constant advocacy of nonalignment, he grew increasingly dependent on Moscow to fuel his 288,000-man military machine. All the while, he denied that he was in danger of becoming Moscow's tool. A few weeks ago, Nasser told a visiting British Member of Parliament, Laborite Christopher Mayhew: "Western papers say that I am going to become another Czechoslovakia. How do they think these Russian technicians are going to seize power? I have my army, my police and no Communist Party [it is outlawed in Egypt]. What are they going to do —march on Cairo?"

If Russia's growing role in Egypt did not trouble Nasser, the growing drain

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demands of his scotch
what he demands
of his woman...
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1.
**Winston tastes
good like a
cigarette
should.**

2.
You mean...as
a cigarette
should.

3.
**What do you
want good
grammar or
good taste?**

4.
I want you
to send your
mother home.



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of the conflict with Israel apparently did. In August, he accepted a U.S. initiative calling for a cease-fire at Suez and peace talks. Then the Jordanian civil war erupted, with Arab fighting Arab, and Nasser was again cast in the peacemaker's role. He summoned Arab heads of government to Cairo for a summit to settle the fighting.

Race with Death

Throughout his career, Nasser maintained a ferocious 18-hour workday, taking time out only occasionally for a day in the sun at Alexandria's Agame beach. His relaxations were not enough to relieve a chronic case of nerves: visitors to his office noticed that he constantly wiggled his leg, and during much of his adult life he smoked 100 U.S. and British cigarettes a day. He was a devoted husband and an attentive father to his five children, but lavished few luxuries on his family. He never gave up the suburban villa that he had occupied as an army lieutenant colonel, though he had it considerably enlarged. Nor did he lose the ordinary man's sense of surprise at sumptuous living. Once, while visiting Saudi Arabian royalty at the best suite in the Nile Hilton, Egypt's dictator whispered, wide-eyed, to an aide: "How much does this cost a day?"

Work was his life, but the brutal pace of the Arab summit proved too much for him. For ten days he labored to stop the fighting in Jordan and head off any abrasive settlement that might hurt Arab unity. Fiery nationalists like Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and Algeria's Houari Boumedienne, for instance,

wanted to send troops to join the guerrillas against Hussein until Nasser dissuaded them. After the summit worked out ground rules for a cease-fire in Jordan, Nasser managed to get both Hussein and Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat to Cairo for a conciliatory handshake in his presence.

Such intense negotiations visibly fatigued Nasser. Minister of National Guidance and *Al Ahram* Editor Hasanein Heikal urged the President to slow down. "There are men, women and children dying," Nasser replied. "We are in a race with death." Later, as Nasser drove to Cairo airport to bid goodbye to Kuwait's Emir Sabah es Salem es Sabah, last of the captains and kings to depart from the summit, Heikal again pleaded with his boss to take a rest. "After I say goodbye to the Emir," sighed Nasser, "I shall sleep long enough." Almost at the moment the Emir's blue and white Kuwait Airways jet became airborne, Nasser was stricken. Perspiring heavily and unable to stand, he was helped into his limousine. At his home at Manshiet al Bakri, a waiting physician ordered an oxygen tent and summoned three specialists for consultation. The diagnosis: massive coronary thrombosis.

Red Alert

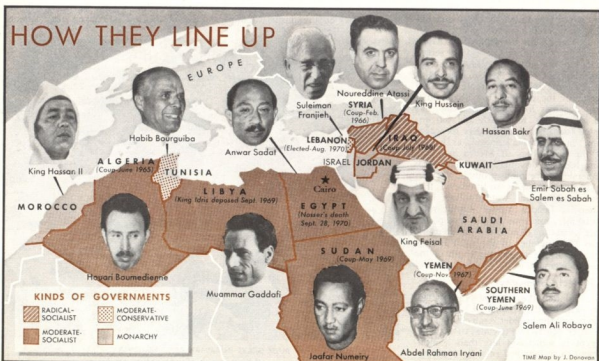
Nasser suffered a similar attack a year ago. At that time, he remained in bed for six weeks, but the illness was publicly reported as influenza; only after his death was it revealed to have been a heart attack. Last July, when he was in the Soviet Union seeking additional missiles to counter Israeli Phant-

tom jets, Nasser checked into a clinic for a two-week examination. Soviet doctors ordered him to stop smoking and follow an easier regime. He gave up cigarettes but continued to work long hours.

As Nasser began to weaken last week, his family and special friends were summoned to his bedside. Heikal and Sadat were there, together with Defense Minister Mohammed Fawzi and two old companions from the 1952 revolutionary days of the Free Officers Movement, Hussein Shafei and Ali Sabry. After Nasser died, it fell to Sadat as Acting President to break the news to the nation. He waited three hours, while a red alert was flashed to put army units on guard against a possible Israeli attack. Then a weeping Sadat went on television to say: "The U.A.R., the Arab nation and humanity have lost the most precious man, the most courageous and most sincere man."

Patient Mediator

For much of his life, Nasser was an incorrigible conspirator, and his enemies were never benign. Former Israeli Premier David Ben-Gurion said last week: "He was a liar without equal." It is ironic that at the time of his death he had evolved into a patient mediator, seeking to settle the quarrels that flared interminably among his fellow Arabs. He even seemed to have abandoned the dream that had prompted the conspiracy: transforming all the Arab League nations into socialist governments that would function as a kind of consortium, presumably with Egyptians at the head. In the end, Nasser realized that the Arab world was simply too diffuse to



weld together. Its governments range from revolutionary regimes through moderate governments to conservative kingdoms (see map). To fuse them into a single unit would be all but impossible. The closest approach, the 1958 amalgamation of Egypt and Syria into the United Arab Republic, lasted only three years before the Syrians seceded, complaining of Egyptian domination. Nasser's aim after that fiasco was to form a consortium of governments that would remain politically separate but would work together militarily and economically. At the time of his death, he was trying to develop such a complex with the new revolutionary regimes of Libya and the Sudan.

Peace in Palestine

Nasser had also come to realize that the future of the Arab world depended on one key achievement: a solution to the 22-year-old Palestinian problem and the status of Israel. After a series of defeats at the hands of the Israelis, he finally concluded that there could be no lasting military settlement—even though he often acted as if that were the only answer to the problem. The Palestinian solution, he would say in private conversations, depended not on war but on the emergence of "a new Arab who would sweep away the old world of sheiks and sultans and kings. Only when this new Arab emerges will we be able to solve the Palestine problem with dignity. It may not happen in my lifetime. But it will happen."

Nasser himself had hoped to create "the new Arab." With this in mind, apparently, he decided to accept the Rogers peace plan two months ago. His death leaves a solution in doubt. No one is strong enough so far to succeed him, not merely as leader of Egypt but as spokesman for the millions of Arabs elsewhere. Boumedienne is the senior revolutionary surviving Nasser, but Algeria is more North African than Middle Eastern, somewhat remote from the center of the conflict. Libya's Gaddafi may consider himself a successor, but he is too new, too brash and too untested for other Arab leaders to accept him. Saudi Arabia's Feisal, as keeper of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, has long dreamed of claiming Arab leadership on religious grounds. But Feisal's government is so medieval that few young Arabs would follow him. Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat rules no country and thus lacks a true power base, even though he does sit as an *ex officio* 15th member of the Arab League because of the size and strength of the fedai movement.

A Perfect Community

Ultimately, the value of Nasser's legacy will be determined in two areas: Egypt and the broader Arab community.

After nearly two decades of his rule, Egypt is something less than a monument to enlightened rule. By 1980, because of a scarcely controllable popu-

lation explosion, there will be 50 million Egyptians; yet the country today lacks the industrial base to support half that population. "This people is today no less poor than in Farouk's days," notes Israel's Deputy Premier Allon, "and some say it is even poorer." Not until the interminable drain of the war with Israel has been stanchied is the country likely to emerge from the backwardness that persisted under Nasser. "If it does," writes British Biographer Peter Mansfield (*Nasser's Egypt*), "the Egyptian revolution of 1952 will be a seminal event of the 20th century. If it does not, Nasserism will leave as little impression on the world as Italian Fascism."

In the broader world, Nasser may fare better. Islam is, after all, based on the notion of what Arabist Salem calls "a perfect community." Through the unifying force of the Arabic tongue, Nasser the master orator did much to restore that sense of community after centuries of foreign rule had seemingly shattered it for all time.

The Caliph's Advice

When Mohammed died, his first caliph, Abu Bakr, told the Prophet's mourning followers: "If you worship Mohammed, Mohammed has died. But if you worship Allah, he is alive and never will die." Throughout the Middle East, a variation of that aphorism was broadcast over Arab radios last week: "If you worship Gamal, Gamal is dead. But if you worship the ideas of Gamal Abdel Nasser, they are alive and will never die." Nasser had many ideas, not all of them worth preserving. The future of the Middle East may thus depend on which the Arab world jet-tisons and which it retains to worship.

JORDAN

Postscript to Terror

Only a few top officials knew the mission of the Royal Air Force Comet that took off from a base in England last week and streaked through the night toward the Continent. Aboard the plane was Leila Khaled, 24, the Palestinian guerrilla who attempted to skyjack an El Al airliner over Britain last month. Her mission failed and a male companion was killed, but three other planes were skyjacked by guerrillas that day and their crews and passengers taken hostage. Now, in a strange postscript to terror, the last of those hostages were being exchanged for Leila and six other Palestinian guerrillas.

In Jordan, where civil war between King Hussein's army and the Palestinian guerrillas was petering out, the last six hostages (of 54) had already been released by the fedayeen. In exchange, the R.A.F. Comet landed in Munich to pick up three fedayeen who had been held by the West Germans. Then it stopped in Zurich for three who had been in Swiss custody. Its passenger list complete, the British plane delivered all seven to Cairo.

Fighting in the North. As the bizarre skyjacking affair was ending, Jordan's civil war also seemed to be moving toward conclusion after ten days of savage fighting. A truce team of officers from six other Arab nations arrived to supervise a cease-fire under the terms of a 14-point agreement negotiated earlier in Cairo. There was still sporadic fighting in the northern sector of Jordan, however, and 20 people were killed in an army-guerrilla clash.

In Amman, where the heaviest fighting of the war had taken place, shoot-



MASS GRAVE IN AMMAN AFTER FIGHTING
A beleaguered King, a risk of yet another explosion.

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ing had already stopped. Under the peace plan, both guerrillas and army personnel were leaving. Joint teams of truce officials, guerrillas and Jordanian army officers ranged through the city supervising the evacuation.

Suffocating Stench. As the military left, Amman slowly revived. The city had suffered massive destruction as the army routed the guerrillas. Burned-out automobiles and tanks were dragged from the streets. With electricity still out in many areas, street-corner hawkers selling kerosene lanterns did a brisker business than did peddlers offering pictures of Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Shattered water mains were mended, but there were no pumps working to carry water to the top of Amman's hills. Over whole sections of the city hung the suffocating stench of death. A mass grave dug in the Ashrafriyeh section by the Jordanian army was discovered; it contained 45 bodies.

Law and Order. In a press conference at Al-Hummar Palace last week, King Hussein insisted that casualties in the twelve days of fighting had actually been light. The guerrillas claimed that 25,000 people were killed. Hussein said his army had lost 200 men, while in Amman his government put civilian casualties at 541. U.S. estimates place the dead at perhaps 2,000—a terrible toll in a country of 2,200,000.

The King seemed sad but not apologetic about the slaughter. "We tolerated a great deal in the hope that we could avert such a disaster," he said. "There was an explosion and it could not be averted." Most significant, Hussein appears ready to risk yet another explosion if the fedayeen challenge his authority again. Said the beleaguered King, who has outlawed guerrilla leaders George Habash of the radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and Nayef Hawatmeh of the even more extreme Popular Democratic Front: "There will be law and order in this country. Jordan will never tolerate a state of chaos." Brave words—but can the King make them stick?

DIPLOMACY

Promises, Promises

Once again, Soviet negotiators have demonstrated their skill at what might be called the "Who, me?" diplomatic gambit. Two months ago, Russia's leaders promised Chancellor Willy Brandt that if he would affix his signature to a renunciation-of-force agreement with the Soviet Union, they would do something about easing the status of isolated West Berlin, 110 miles inside hostile East Germany. Brandt signed the Treaty of Moscow, and as the Big Four talks on Berlin resumed last week in the divided city, everyone waited to see what the Soviets would do.

For the moment, at least, the Soviets did next to nothing. While they did hint at concessions on less essential points, they stuck to their rigid old po-



BERLIN WALL WITH WATCHTOWER IN BACKGROUND AS SEEN FROM WEST
Demanding the maximum before settling for less.

sition that West Berlin must be regarded as a completely independent entity with no political ties to West Germany, whose \$732 million in annual subsidies keep the city alive. The Soviets also insisted, among other things, that the U.S. must close down its radio station in West Berlin, and that the Western Allies must cease all intelligence-gathering operations there. Eventually, the Soviets want the Allies to withdraw from West Berlin, which would then become a "neutral" city at the mercy of the Communists. As if to underline the enduring vulnerability of West Berlin, the Russians revived one of their most unpleasant cold war tactics by threatening to close down temporarily two of West Berlin's three air corridors to the West.

Brandt's Concern. The Soviets' tough position may well be only a repetition of their familiar bargaining tactic of demanding the maximum before settling for somewhat less. Nonetheless the Russian stance posed a threat to Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, which rests on the assumption that the Soviets are willing to make at least limited accommodations in central Europe. Brandt has vowed that he will not submit the Treaty of Moscow to the Bundestag for ratification until there is substantial progress on Berlin, and he has urged Britain, France and the U.S. to press for a quick agreement in principle with the Soviets on the city. The fine points, Brandt's aides said, could be negotiated later. One reason for haste is that the West Germans hope to sign a renunciation-of-force treaty with Poland next month, and Bonn and Warsaw do not want their negotiations to outpace West Germany's diplomatic progress with Moscow. If that happens, the Russians are likely to be-

come alarmed that their allies are cozying up too quickly to Bonn.

Since Brandt's political prestige in West Germany rests heavily on the success of his *Ostpolitik*, his desire for quick results is understandable. The Western Allies, however, have refused to alter their negotiating tactics. They want an agreement with the Soviets on specific points, not a vague statement of principle that the Russians could later wriggle out of. The main points: 1) a Soviet guarantee of untrammelled civilian traffic by land, water and air between West Germany and West Berlin; 2) Soviet and East German acceptance of the fact that just as East Berlin has been incorporated into East Germany, West Berlin has definite, justifiable political links with the Federal Republic; 3) Communist consent for West Berliners to visit friends and relatives in East Berlin and East Germany; 4) re-establishment of telephone communications between East and West Berlin and an expansion of telex links.

Interestingly, the East Germans have already made concessions on the final point; they have opened a grand total of 30 telex lines between East and West Berlin and will install a dozen or so telephone lines by year's end. But their moves may be intended to undercut the concept of Allied responsibility in Berlin by demonstrating that the East Germans can handle matters. The Big Three ambassadors will urge the Russians to make their own concessions at the next session, to be held this week. But the Soviets, who apparently have forgotten the promise they made only last August, do not seem receptive. Everything will be all right in Berlin, they are now telling the West Germans, after the Treaty of Moscow is ratified.

SOVIET UNION

Moscow's Better Mousetrap

At the Soviet Union's Sary-Shagan test range in the wilds of Kazakhstan, near the Mongolian border, a Galosh-type surface-to-air missile rose slowly from its launch pad. After climbing skyward, the rocket spread a dark, mile-wide cloud far above the lower atmosphere. It was a cloud that cast a shadow as far away as Washington. Last week U.S. intelligence sources reported that the test, conducted in September, involved a remarkable new anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system that could represent a major breakthrough.

Millions of Particles. The Moscow area has been ringed for the past four years by about 45 anti-missile rocket sites. But the latest test suggests that the Russians have now developed an ABM that employs the so-called asphalt-cloud concept. It could be installed before the U.S. has put any missile defenses of its own into operation.

All ABMs, including the proposed U.S. Safeguard system, work essentially the same way. High-speed rockets, usually nuclear-tipped, are exploded high above the atmosphere to damage or destroy incoming ICBMs. In the asphalt-cloud technique, the ABM disperses millions of particles in the path of enemy missiles. When the rockets plunge into the atmosphere, the highly combustible bits of asphalt that they have picked up ignite from frictional heat; the asphalt burns so rapidly and creates such great temperatures that the heat shields on the ICBMs are all but consumed. Then the missiles either burn up or are so deformed that they veer off course. U.S. officials say that no heat shield now in existence could survive the fiery ride through an asphalt cloud.

Installation of a cloud-type ABM system would be relatively simple and inexpensive for the Soviets. Many of their 10,000 surface-to-air missiles now deployed could be converted to ABM use. The Russians have already displayed their skill in spreading high-flying aerosols; in 1968, they blinded U.S. radar with a metallic "mist" during the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The U.S. has made only paper studies of cloud-type ABM systems, and as yet has no plans for any operational tests. Said a U.S. defense official of the Soviet system: "It's one of those better mousetraps that appear to be working, and we don't have anything like it in train, dammit."

Stoking Fears. American strategists fear that the new Soviet capability could complicate the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) with the Russians, due to resume in Helsinki next month. Moreover the intensive Russian experimentation comes at a time when Washington is becoming increasingly nervous about Moscow's intentions in a number of areas—from Suez, where Soviet SA-2 and SA-3 missiles have been employed in violation of the Mideast truce, to the Cuban sugar port of Cienfuegos,

where Russian technicians are building a base capable of handling missile-carrying submarines.

Nor is that all that the Russians have done to stoke Washington's fears. U.S. intelligence sources reported that the Soviets last week conducted another test of a key offensive weapon under the seemingly innocuous designation Cosmos 365. They sent aloft a giant SS-9 rocket, apparently carrying as its payload a mockup of an FOBS (for fractional orbital bombardment system), or space bomb, which could release its deadly cargo on virtually any terrestrial target. The U.S. has no such weapon and no defense against it.

FRANCE

Portnoy Complains

Almost overnight, the world of Armand Portnoy, mild-mannered owner of a Parisian garage, was transformed. There were anonymous telephone calls, bad jokes from close friends and insinuating remarks from mere acquaint-

JEAN MARQUIS



ARMAND PORTNOY
Better a Bluebeard.

ances. It was poor Portnoy's most harrowing experience since the day in World War II when he sought shelter from a German air raid by ducking under a loaded gasoline truck.

The garageman's problems began with the French publication last April of *Portnoy's Complaint*, Philip Roth's novel about a guilt-ridden, sex-obsessed young lawyer. Complained the Parisian Portnoy: "My wife read the book and very nearly had a nervous breakdown. I have two daughters at the Sorbonne, and their friends thought it a good joke to say, 'What a father you've got!'" On top of that, he added, "Alexander Portnoy and I are both Jewish." Worst of all, Portnoy's business partner is named Victor Brani, and *brani* is the French slang verb for masturbate. Brani, too, was unsettled. "Personally," he said, "I'd

rather the confusion was with a Bluebeard than with a Portnoy."

Portnoy took his complaint to a Paris civil court in an attempt to bar Gallimard, the publishing house, from selling any more copies until the hero's name is changed. Argued the publisher's lawyer: "There is no risk of confusion. Philip Roth's hero is a New York lawyer. Our adversary is a French garage owner. This hero is not odious or detestable. He is touching." Besides, the attorney added, "How can you expect an American writer to investigate whether somewhere abroad there is a living person with the name of his hero?"

Last week Judge André Rouanet de Vigne-Lavit rejected Portnoy's request for a court order to change the name of Roth's hero, but he did suggest that Armand's next step might be to seek damages. Portnoy has not yet decided whether to pursue the action.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Dubious Proposition

At an American embassy dinner in Saigon recently, Presidential Aides H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman dished out a few unappetizing warnings to South Viet Nam's Economics Minister Pham Kim Ngoc. Unless something was done about Saigon's faltering economy, Nixon's men said, an unhappy U.S. Congress might sharply curtail American aid. Congress has reason to be concerned. Unchecked inflation has reduced purchasing power in South Viet Nam by 93% in the past 21 months. The trade deficit, thanks to American import subsidies, has risen to \$685 million. The piaster, officially valued at 118 to the dollar, draws a black-market price of 420.

To ease the situation, President Nguyen Van Thieu last week decreed a package of reforms aimed at cutting inflation to 15% next year—a dubious proposition. His most significant move was to devalue the piaster—sort of. He established a "parallel rate" structure under which his country's currency will still be valued at 118 piasters to the dollar rate for "necessity" imports, but 275 to the dollar for luxury imports. A canny political device, the parallel rate will increase prices—and government revenues—on such imports as TV sets and refrigerators, while keeping prices down on essential imports. It will also give American G.I.s a better exchange rate. Other reforms included sizable increases in interest rates on most loans and attempts to discourage hoarding and speculation. A 16% increase in civil servants' and soldiers' salaries will help cushion the effect of devaluation on their fixed incomes.

Thieu's reforms may well prove too little and too late, partly because a recalcitrant Senate blocked him from taking more substantial measures. If they do not work, the country's budget deficit next year could run as high as 75 billion piasters.

Che: A Myth Embalmed in a Matrix of Ignorance

MOMENTS before Che Guevara was executed by Bolivian troops in a remote Andean village in 1967, he was asked if he was thinking about his own immortality. "No," replied Che, "I'm thinking about the immortality of the revolution." On the anniversary of his death three years ago this week, it is clear that the asthmatic, Argentine-born M.D. has become a far more vibrant memory than any of the causes he pursued.

"Che lives!" is the slogan for a generation of restless students and budding revolutionaries the world over. The Black Panthers, who occasionally style themselves "Che-type," have adopted his black beret. Arab guerrillas sometimes name combat operations in his honor. Posters of Che adorn dorm walls from Berkeley to Berlin, and his books have become basic-training manuals for the New Left. Writers from Graham Greene to Susan Sontag have extolled him. West German Playwright Peter Weiss (*Marat/Sade*) has even compared him to "a Christ taken down from the Cross."

Mindless Action. Critics with less sympathy attribute much of the present wave of bombings, kidnappings and cop-killings to an obsession with Che's emphasis on immediate, almost mindless action. Others note that it is difficult to determine whether Che is actually a moving force or merely a symbol of a mood. Nobel-prizewinning Biologist George Wald, a staunch pacifist who is one of Harvard's most popular teachers, maintains that for all its magic, Che's memory "is embalmed in a wonderful matrix of ignorance." London mail-order companies report that most orders for Che posters are now coming from teen-age girls who find his unkempt good looks sexy. Asked what he knew about Che, one Arab guerrilla claimed that he was an important fedayeen who came "from Jaffa, I think."

Even so, the process of myth-building is continuing. At present, Che appears each evening in a new play, *The Guerrillas*, by German Playwright Rolf Hochhuth, whose earlier play, *The Deputy*, pilloried Pope Pius XII for his failure to denounce the Nazi extermination of Jews. In *The Guerrillas*, now playing in four German cities, a young New York Senator who is also leader of a Che-style U.S. underground movement pleads with Guevara to abandon his Bolivian battle. Che refuses. "My death here—in a calculated sense—is

the only possible victory," he says. "I must leave a sign."

Bolivia was a great test for him. He personally chose to lead the expedition there, determined to prove the validity of his revolutionary theories that had worked so well ten years earlier in Cuba. "The legend of our guerrilla is spreading like seaspray in the wind," Che wrote, "but its true meaning will be lost unless history has a record of what we are attempting to do here." When he reached Bolivia in November 1966, minus his beard and bearing a Uruguayan passport, Che carried a sup-

Che Guevara's final days of life.

During the Bolivian campaign, Che roughed out the first draft of a short story whose hero, Pablo, shares important characteristics with the author and illustrates Che's own lifelong obsession with overcoming challenges and seeking social approval. Like Che, who grew up in a middle-class Buenos Aires family and was asthmatic, Pablo is afflicted with a physical handicap: poor sight. In the story, entitled *Prueba Superada* (Passing the Test), Pablo becomes almost overwhelmed by fear, anxiety and doubt



CHE'S BODY ON VIEW IN BOLIVIAN VILLAGE
Indians as impenetrable as rocks.

ply of notebooks and diaries to keep such a record. During the next eleven months, Che filled them with the cramped handwriting that Castro once described as "the illegible letters of a doctor."

Autobiographical Bent. Che's Bolivian diaries have since been published, as have portions from the other notebooks. A good deal of the writing, however, has never appeared in print. Andrew St. George, a former LIFE contract reporter who accompanied Che in Cuba's Sierra Maestra, was later invited by the Bolivian government to read and copy parts of Che's papers. From St. George's material emerges a fascinating if fragmentary glimpse of

after joining a guerrilla column in an unnamed Latin American country. On one terrible march, his shoes give out, his feet become badly blistered, his rifle jams and he breaks his glasses. In despair, Pablo, who is ignored by the other guerrillas, decides to desert at the first opportunity, but a veteran member of the band finally befriends him. Under the influence of the older guerrilla, Pablo stands his ground in a firefight with the *guardia*. "Pablo knew now that he would never leave the column," wrote Che. "He had passed the test and become a fighter of the people."

Stalinist Influence. On a more serious plane, Che wrote in a green spiral notebook the outline for a five-part book on the evolution of political thought from the start of human society to the present. Che noted that Marx perceived "by intuition," but never fully foresaw the great changes that happened to capitalism. "Nowadays," said Che, "the workers of the imperialistic countries are minor associates in the business." Che intended to end the book with a chapter comparing "the personalities of socialism": Lenin, Stalin, Mao, Khrushchev, Tito and Fidel.

Che is often said to reflect the theories of Mao, Ho Chi Minh and General Vo Nguyen Giap. To the extent that he sought to establish a rural, peasant base for revolution, that is true. His Bolivian papers, however, betray a pervasive Stalinist influence. Che sneered at the late Socialist C. Wright Mills (*The Marxists*) for his "stupid anti-Stalinism," describing him as "a clear example of North American leftist intellectuals." He dismissed New Left Ideologue Herbert Marcuse because his concepts "are of little relevance in the national liberation struggle and nation-building as it had to be carried out under Stalin."

In another green-covered spiral notebook, Che set down his detailed plans

for a supply system for the guerrillas. He proposed that sympathizers buy supermarkets in the major Bolivian cities to insure the guerrillas a source of food and profit. Wrote Che: "A truck rolling anywhere along the desolate Bolivian roads could unload five or ten metric tons of supplies for a guerrilla column without arousing the slightest suspicion." He also wanted the guerrillas to control a shoe factory, a clothing factory and shopping outlet and a sporting-goods store.

Such ideas were hardly original. During his Sierra Maestra days, Che carried in his knapsack the Spanish edition of an obscure two-volume Soviet manual called *The Clandestine Regional Committee in Action*. Written by Aleksei Fyodorov, a World War II Russian guerrilla leader, the book spells out methods for establishing sources of supply as well as discussing such everyday guerrilla problems as how to handle a hard-drinking subordinate, how to check out a supply runner suspected of double-dealing, and how to use propaganda. "You see?" Che would say of Fyodorov's ideas. "It's all come true!" Apparently Che copied passages from Fyodorov's book as a source of comfort and instruction.

General Decline. As some of Che's other notebooks poignantly show, he needed all the comfort he could get in Bolivia. Che's band, which never numbered more than 51, included 17 Cubans, who held nearly all the command positions. The Cubans were unable to speak the Quechua language of the Indians, who, Che noted, are "as impenetrable as rocks."

In a brown leather notebook, Che kept track of the conduct and efficiency of his chief lieutenants. At first the notations were sprinkled with encouraging evaluations. "Very good," wrote Che of one of his troop leaders, the former director of the Cuban special warfare center whose code name was Joaquín. But three months later, Che noted that Joaquín was "decaying physically and morally," and with his physician's eye, he diagnosed lymphangitis (inflammation of the lymph vessels). Of Tuma, a Cuban who was Guevara's executive officer, Che noted that after six months in Bolivia, he suffered "an almost general decline, but he has overcome it." Seven weeks later, however, Tuma was fatally wounded in an ambush, and Che penned a red cross by his name. He wrote: "It is a considerable loss for the guerrilla force, but most of all for me in that I lose the most loyal of my companions."

The hardships and sense of isolation demoralized Che's men. The Bolivian army, which proved to be much better than Che imagined, relentlessly pursued the guerrillas, forcing them to abandon most of their supplies, including Che's asthma medicine. Wandering aimlessly within an ever-tightening perimeter, the guerrillas fell to quarreling and fighting one another. During this time, Che wrote

a poem called "A Memory," which Bolivian authorities allowed St. George to copy from one of his notebooks:

Now that we are few, we move almost like brothers, and like brothers, we quarrel, sulk and groan.

The struggle is a painful path of curses

But victory a white road glittering with politeness, with white smiles on empty white faces with flattery oiled by endless white lies.

Why, then, in the glittering midst of triumph,

Do we remember these sweaty sullen faces

So painfully—why does their memory shine sweeter than all those white smiles?

Comfort from the KGB. During the months of wandering, Che was comfort-

Tania was then four months pregnant.

After Che finally accepted Bolivian radio reports of Tania's death, his diary entries reflected no remorse. But, St. George says, he later found a poem that Che dedicated to Tania.

To T:

There is dark silence in the jungle's heart of darkness

The people's songs are silent.

She fingers and repacks

The little plastic tape rolls. They too are silent.

What sings in her heart? Perhaps I shall never know it.

Nor hear the music of the songs that brought her here.

The jungle bush has yielded her no rhythms

Except the Morse code and the rapid beating of hearts



CHE IN BOLIVIAN CAMP WITH TANIA (AT RIGHT)

"What sings in her heart? Perhaps I shall never know it."

ed by perhaps the strangest and most elusive character of the entire drama. Code-named Tania, she was a dark, beautiful young woman in her mid-20s. She told Che that she was from Argentina. Actually, she was an East German girl named Tamara Bunke, who was sent to Havana in the mid-1960s by the Soviet KGB to keep tabs on Guevara.

Che, who at that time was married to his second wife, fell in love with Tania, whom he trained and sent to Bolivia as his advance agent. In La Paz she got a job in the presidential press office and helped arrange the secret arrival of Che and the other Cubans. Then, violating Che's orders, Tania, who was an amateur musicologist and collected tape recordings of Bolivian folk music, went to the hills to live with him. On August 31, 1967, Tania and nine men walked into a Bolivian army ambush. All but one of them were killed. An autopsy showed that

Waiting for the answering signal. She never sings

Nor hums these tunes she loves.

And yet she hears them. They carry her

Forward, across the jungle's deathly silence, toward

A triumphal chant only she can hear.

One month after Tania died, Che's band was trapped in a ravine by pursuing Bolivian rangers, who had been trained by U.S. Special Forces experts. On Oct. 8, 1967, as the guerrillas attempted to fight their way out of the encirclement, Che was hit in the left thigh by a bullet and his M-1 carbine was shot out of his hands. Taken alive to a nearby village, Che was executed the next day. After his hands were cut off for further fingerprinting, Che's body was burned beyond recognition and buried in a secret grave.

The man was dead, the myth born.

PEOPLE

Surrounded by Italian news hens in Rome last week, **Pat Nixon** almost got her pasta caught in some really hot water. Italian food was her favorite, she said, and she made good spaghetti. "How long do you cook it?" asked a reporter. "A long time," said the first Lady. Noting the black looks at the thought of a White House full of pasty pasta, Pat made a remarkable recovery. "I cook my meat sauce a long time—I simmer it," she explained. "But the spaghetti: eight minutes." Smiles. *Al dente!*

One of the boutiques in the basement of the Tokyo Prince Hotel hired a hand last week whose references needed no checking. **Mrs. Takako Shimazu**, 31, the new "salon adviser," traces her lineage to no less a luminary than a sun; her father is Japan's **Emperor Hirohito**. The pretty ex-princess (who lost her title when she married a commoner) is not exactly a newcomer to the rat race. Ten years ago, she turned a fast yen as star of a deejay show on Tokyo radio called—not surprisingly—*Princess Time*.

Up to the door of Hickory Hill drove **Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr.** and her secretary, invited to a party for the new Robert F. Kennedy Fellows, row! A water bomb, tossed by small Kennedys, sprayed them with disastrous accuracy. "I'm mortified—and on Coretta King of all people," clucked Mother **Ethel Kennedy**, as she helped to mop up. "They thought you were some other

friends they were expecting." Then maternal pride asserted itself. "Their aim was really good, wasn't it?" Speaking of aim—and of the Kennedy waters—**Lee Udall**, the lively wife of R.F.K. Trustee **Stewart Udall**, suddenly blurted a confession about the celebrated dunking of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in the Kennedy pool. "All these years, Ethel has been taking the rap for me," she said. "I'm the one who pushed Arthur into the pool. I was dancing by and he was standing there holding forth and looking so Arthurish, and something came over me. I just stuck out my arm and pushed him in and danced away. He never knew."

Britain's Royal Family continues to be as hippophile as ever. **Princess Anne** recently took time off from the family



PRINCESS ANNE
Hippophile as ever.

holiday at Balmoral to compete in a series of equestrian events. She trains so assiduously that friends are speculating that she has her eye on the Olympics. Mrs. Alan Oliver, who has instructed Anne since childhood, notes that "the competition is much tougher now that she is in the open class. But she is a very determined girl." Says Sir Michael Ansell, chairman of the British Show Jumping Association: "She would be most welcome in the international field."

At a Republican fund-raising dinner in Philadelphia, **Shirley Temple Black**, deputy chairman of the U.S. delegation to the U.N. Conference on Human Development, made it perfectly clear that there is at least one human development that displeases her. "I don't care for Women's Lib," she said. "I prefer the strong arms of my husband around me."



JACKIE ONASSIS
The more things change.

Perhaps nothing is such big medicine in the fashion world as a picture of **Jacqueline Onassis** leaving a Manhattan restaurant in a new outfit. The mini was really in when she was photographed emerging from Lafayette one winter day in 1966 with her hemline inches above her knees. Last week it was La Côte Basque and inches above her ankles. *Plus ça change...*

England's actor laureate, **Sir Laurence Olivier**, 63, called a press conference in London to announce that he would be off the boards for at least a year. Said Olivier, who was operated on for cancer in 1967 and suffered thrombosis in one leg last August: "I just can't sustain a stage part. It feels like I've got 20 pounds more on one leg than the other, and during a long speech I get puffed. Anyway, I don't really enjoy acting very much any more."

As Germany's Onetime Heavyweight Champion **Max Schmeling** can testify, the man on the floor when the bell rings is not necessarily the long-run loser. **Joe Louis**, 56, who knocked Schmeling out in the first round of their championship bout in 1938, has been living in a Denver veterans mental hospital while his ex-wives and the Government haggle over what money he has left. By contrast, Schmeling—fit, rich and popular—celebrated his 65th birthday last week on his 25-acre estate near Hamburg with his actress-wife **Anny Ondra**, and was awarded West Germany's Federal Cross of Merit "in recognition of your special services for the nation and people."



LEE UDALL
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Swiss gold ingot.

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And why Rolex is worn by the America's Cup defenders and challengers.

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Pictured: the Rolex Day-Date in 18 kt. yellow gold, \$1,150. Also available in 18 kt. white gold or in platinum.

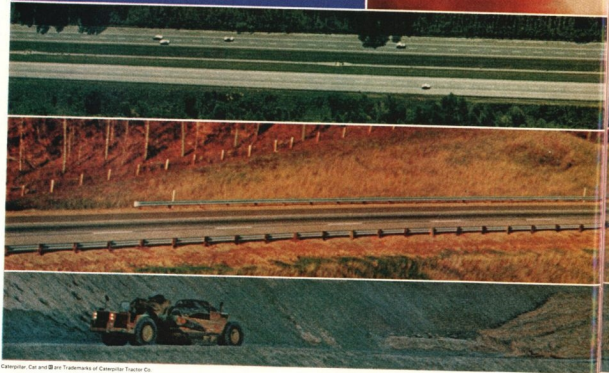
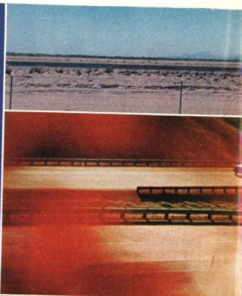
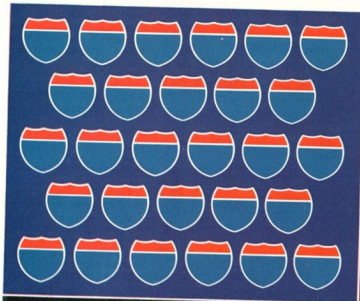
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SPORT

Vincit Qui Patitur

No sooner had *Intrepid* nosed out Australia's *Gretel II* in the fifth and deciding America's Cup race last week than the spectator boat *America*, a replica of the schooner that first won the cup in 1851, hoisted the signal flags for Q.E.D. (*quod erat demonstrandum*—which was to be proved). A more fitting postscript would have been V.Q.P., for *vincit qui patitur*—he that can endure overcome. In defeating *Gretel II* by 4-1 in the best-of-seven series, *Intrepid* had endured the longest (14 days) and strongest challenge in decades.

Indeed, in the first four races *Gretel II* had shown herself easily as swift a sloop—and perhaps even faster in light airs. What Aussie Skipper Jim Hardy could not prove was his crew's superiority over *Intrepid*'s Bill Ficker and his polished young sailors. Time after time, *Gretel II* grasped for the advantage, only to be frustrated by the seamen aboard *Intrepid*. The fifth race was more of the same. *Gretel II* jumped off to an early lead, footing smartly in the soft, fluky winds. In a series of aggressive tactics, Ficker overhauled the Aussies and rounded the first mark with *Intrepid* 44 sec. ahead. It was a lead he never relinquished—though by the fifth mark the desperate Aussies had shaved the advantage to 20 sec., or barely two boat lengths. Then Ficker, reading the shifting wind perfectly, put *Intrepid* on a starboard tack while Hardy held *Gretel II* on port in hope of finding a more favorable breeze. He failed. Deftly covering *Gretel II*'s attempts to recover, *Intrepid* sailed home on a close reach to win by 1 min. 44 sec.

Afterward, while the spectator fleet blared horns and shot flares into the darkening sky, the *Intrepid* crew gleefully doused Ficker's bald head with champagne. Tradition also dictated that they heave him in the drink—which they did with dispatch, thus producing the memorable sight of the two skippers treading water and shaking hands. Yet the end of the 21st cup defense was only a beginning. What used to be a private competition between the U.S. and its English-speaking cousins (Canada, Britain, Australia) is becoming an event of Olympian proportions. As of last week, a tentative line-up for the 1973 race included two challengers from France, Australia and Britain, and one

Kansas City Chiefs did to your Baltimore Colts last week? A 44-24 shellacking, in case you didn't notice. And boy, did the Chiefs' front four cream old Johnny What's-His-Name.

N.F.L. Fan: Johnny Unitas, wise guy. Speaking of shellackings, what do you call that 27-10 defeat that my Minnesota Vikings handed your big bad Chiefs the week before?

A.F.L. Fan: Listen, after being humiliated by the Chiefs in last year's Super Bowl, the Vikings had to win. They played way over their heads.

N.F.L. Fan: And the Cleveland Browns? Did they play over their heads when they trounced the almighty Joe Namath and his New York Jets 31-21?

A.F.L. Fan: Cleveland is tough, I admit, but not so tough that the little old Cincinnati Bengals couldn't beat

REINZ KLUTWEINER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



VIKINGS SHELLACKING CHIEFS

What ever happened to Almighty Joe and Johnny-What's-His-Name?

each from West Germany, Canada and Italy. And who will sail for the defense? The victorious *Intrepid* syndicate lost no time announcing that it will make its bid with a brand-new 12-meter to be sailed by Bill Ficker.

Fuel for the Feud

For years, the talk in the bars and bershops of the land has been about the American Football League and the National Football League and which had the better teams. At first, since there was no interleague play, the argument was a standoff. Then, in 1967, the champions of the two leagues played the first of four Super Bowl Games. The results—two N.F.L. victories followed by two stunning upsets by the A.F.L.—only added fuel to the feud. This season, with the ten teams of the A.F.L. merged into the N.F.L., the match-ups have given new dimensions to the old discussions:

A.F.L. Fan: Guess you saw what my

them 31-24 in an exhibition game.

N.F.L. Fan: You mean the little old

Bengals who were clobbered 38-3 by

the Detroit Lions last week?

A.F.L. Fan: I mean the Bengals who

are going to be one of the strongest

young teams in football as soon as

their quarterback, Greg Cook, gets off

the injured list. And speaking of quar-

terbacks, what's happened to Terry Brad-

shaw and the Pittsburgh Steelers? Seems

they lost their first two games to a

couple of old A.F.L. patsies called the Hous-

ton Oilers and the Denver Broncos.

N.F.L. Fan: Hold on now. If you're

going to keep score, you have to in-

clude the Colts over the San Diego

Chargers 16-14 and the Los Angeles

Rams over the Buffalo Bills 19-0. Let's

see, in the first two weeks of the

season, old N.F.L. teams have played

former A.F.L. teams a total of eight games,

with the N.F.L. winning five and losing

only three. Now *that's* a significant score.

A.F.L. Fan: The season is still young.



FICKER (REAR) & HARDY OVERBOARD
Not quite Q.E.D.

RITUALS—THE REVOLT

IN the spring of 1627, the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth was scandalized when a rather different American named Thomas Morton decided to show the New World how to celebrate. At Merry Mount, which may have been America's first counterculture community, Morton erected a Maypole—80 feet of priapic pine—and by his own account "brewed a barrell of excellent beare" to be distributed with "other good cheare, for all commers of that day." Other good cheare included Indian girls, according to "a song fitting to the time and present occasion" written by the host himself:

*Lasses in beaver coats, come away,
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.*

Myles Standish, that well-known non-womanizer, accompanied by America's first vice squad, interrupted the revels, which were subsequently described by Plymouth Governor William Bradford as "the beastly practices of the mad Bacchinalians." Morton eventually was busted, placed in the stocks and returned to England in a state of mortifying near starvation.

It is only simplifying history, not distorting it, to suggest that on May Day 1627, the struggle for the American soul was settled once and almost for all. Score: Ants, 1; Grasshoppers, 0. The devil had been unmasked as the imp of play, the demon who made song and dance the pulsebeat of life. And so the men in the gray Puritan suits went their unmerry way: sober, industrious, thrifty, starkly Protestant, with absolutely no use for Maypoles. For Maypoles meant not only untrammelled festivity but something of larger significance: rituals. And rituals meant not only feelings and passions but coded repetitions of the past—things that New Man had come to the New World to escape. On May Day 1627, cool, clear American voices of reason said a firm no to all that.

The no was firm, but it was not, and could not have been, final. As Philosopher George Santayana, looking at the American Puritan through half-Spanish eyes, noted: "For the moment, it is certainly easier to suppress the wild impulses of our nature than to manifest them fitly, at the right times and with the proper fugitive emphasis; yet in the long run, suppression does not solve the problem, and meantime those maimed expressions which are allowed are infected with a secret misery and falseness." Nearly 3½ centuries later, the Merry Mount case no longer seems so open and shut. Not only could contemporary man use a Maypole in his blighted Garden of Eden, but he is just beginning to realize the damage caused by not having one. Consider those maimed excuses for Merry Mount that have come to serve, ever so ineptly, as its substitute. On New Year's Eve (Oh, God! A year older and what have we accomplished?) the children of Myles Standish are condemned to gather with noisemakers, paper hats and lamp shades, and out of sheer embarrassment get smashed. The stocks could not hurt worse than such gross incompetence at ritual gaiety. Every New Year's Eve, Thomas Morton is avenged.

Is this really so small a price

to pay, this emptiness of heart? In between un-Mortonlike holidays—the Christmas ringing with carols to shop by, the Easter that means chocolate bunnies and an annual visit to the church of one's unfaith, the Labor Day spent dourly traveling to nowhere along clogged highways—there occur other public rites, as grimly forgettable as scenes in a bad home movie. The lady with a champagne bottle, weighed down by her furs and obligatory Fixed Smile, whacks like an inept murderer at the prow of a receding ship. The politician, equipped with a trowel and the Fixed Smile, gobs mortar on a cornerstone, or noshes his way along the campaign trail.

America's unacknowledged but cheerlessly compulsive rituals make up a montage of trivia that boggles the eye. Brother Masons shake their In-group hands. Boy Scouts extend *rigor mortis* salutes. Shriners vibrate their fezzes. Drum majorettes gootie-step. Plastic Miss Americas and Nixon's Graustarkian palace guard seem to pass together in surreal review, followed by that parody of Roman triumph, the Veterans Day parade—all paunch, sourly dispirited bugle blasts, and flat feet hitting to keep step. The banal, hand-held camera pans on, showing no pity. There go the Rose Bowl floats; where does the papier-mâché end, where do the people begin? Here come the shaman-orators and all the Babbitt snake dancers. Dear Lord, another political convention!

The gift for ritual is not exactly prospering in the 20th century; secularity, urbanism, technology—all contrive to separate modern man from the kind of community that encourages, even demands, a sense of ceremony. But is this the best that America can do for a bill of rites? Other people's rituals tend to release them—as they should. Rituals are society's unwritten permission for civilized man to express primitive emotions: fear, sexuality, grief. Other people's rituals invite them to be more human in public—more themselves—than they dare to be in private. Greek Zorbas whirl like fertility gods, Irishmen keen at their friends' funerals or even the funerals of strangers. Americans smile their Fixed Smile: the smile as anti-smile—no pleasure, no love, no silliness. The smile that tries to hide the face of American Gothic and only betrays it. The smile that says, "I cannot be myself in public."

Lately a ghastly doubt has begun to mock us, and it refuses to go away. We aren't sure, but we wonder: Is a sense of ritual—a sense of formal, sanctified public ceremonial—the preliminary state to a special kind of wisdom, a higher seriousness of the heart than Puritan hearts can ever know? Through some hideous gaffe did the anti-Maypoles reject not the devil but one face of God? By being so busy conquering nature that they could not celebrate it, by insisting with prim spiritual pride on reason, did the first Americans cut us all off from the more chaotic but deeper rhythms of life?

When his first child is born, an American father finds how criminally inadequate it is to pass out cigars. When his father dies, an American son discovers that the national habits of grief and commemoration are even worse. A son honors his father by buying a cosmetic job from an undertaker who was a stranger to the living face. Mass-produced casket, mass-produced headstone, all-purpose prayers. Amen.

At the life-and-death occasions, the common-sense, I-can-do-it-myself American bumps up against the humbling truth: rituals teach men how to behave at the best and the worst moments of their lives. If one has learned no way to behave—or only a superficial way—the meaning of those moments, the meaning of life itself, hangs in jeopardy. The greatest of the American watchers, Alexis de Tocqueville, put his finger on the risk. No-frills rugged individualism, he warned over a hundred years ago, not only makes "every man forget his ancestors, but it hides his descendants and separates his contemporaries from him; it throws him back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart."

But now a new tribal generation has arrived. It knows nothing



AGAINST THE FIXED SMILE

ing of Merry Mount because it knows nothing of history. But in its blood runs Morton's cursed inspiration. It is determined to raise a Maypole. With beads and real Indian headdress and peace symbols, Woodstock Nation wanders the countryside looking for its own Merry Mount: the perfect rock festival.

No one can begin to understand the young people—including the young people—until one astonishing fact is grasped: they are not kicking against the System because they think it has too many values, but because they think it has too few—and those too thin. In its preoccupation with doing, the System has let the big moments, the festive moments, the very bright and the very dark moments—the ritual moments—get away. The System has just hustled on past with its Fixed Smile in place. And for this, the young are not about to forgive it.

Woodstock Nation is staging a kind of reverse revolution, it may be the first young generation to demand more rather than less ritual. And despite its ignorance, despite its boorishness, the revolution of the children is becoming the education of us all. For though they have not made the fathers trust their values, they have made them distrust their own. Young and old, we are all developing a new respect for ritual. We are learning that knowledge without the ritual element of wonder is barren and self-mocking. We are beginning to understand that the need for ritual is a human constant, not just a craving of primitive Indians and decadent Englishmen, and that if good rituals are not invented, bad rituals happen.

Almost 20 years ago, Dr. Rollo May (*Love and Will*) speculated whether modern man, suffering "in our commercial and industrial society from a suppression of fantasy life and imagination," would seize upon "new forms of magic." His prophecy has come true with a vengeance. At the profoundest levels, as well as at the most trivial, we hunger to ritualize our everyday lives. Like a humorless orgy, the Living Theater spills its rites of the stage into the audience and finally into the street. The young read as holy writ Allen Ginsberg's *How to Make a March/Speculate*. Protests against war, or even air pollution, find men in saffron robes with shaven heads carrying joss sticks and chanting the *Hare Krishna*. For other instructions, people consult the *I Ching*—including how to stage a new-life-style marriage. The mood reaches even the middle-aged, who tentatively toy with beards and hair styles—the least radical forms of period costuming—and adopt sensitivity training as a kind of labor-relations device. With a fever to be relevant, priests and ministers are bringing religious services into the coffeehouse, the factory, the supermarket. More often than not, the music that enhances these mod liturgies comes from an electric guitar pulsating to a rock beat. Once again, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord" is our collective text.

What all this suggests is that a touch of madness is in the air and Americans have, as usual, gone from one extreme to the other. In *The Making of a Counter Culture*, historian Theodore Roszak protests: "We begin to resemble nothing so much as the cultic hothouse of the Hellenistic period, where every manner of mystery and fakery, ritual and rite, intermingled with marvelous indiscrimination." Rituals threaten to be the next epidemic. Consider the games of ritual that people play: group-encounter institutes, hippie communes, mate-swapping clubs—all with varied seriousness are peddling salvation to the Fixed Smilers. The medicine men are setting up their booths. You want to be yourself in public? Have they got a ritual for you? Mysticism has become a carnival sell. Right on, scientology.

The '70s are seeing the American launched on a curiously un-American quest. He has order—the order of the machine and the punch card, the order he once thought he wanted—and he is sick to death of all the well-oiled predestination. He is off and hunting for a richer order than technology can provide, a more organic sense of meaning. Confusedly, belatedly, he is searching for something very

like his soul. No one has a right to feel very optimistic about the prospects. If young people associate the Fixed-Smile syndrome with Viet Nam, older Americans see behind all the Dionysian huggermugger the face of Charles Manson. And they sense that what the children are saying to the fathers is this: We will put the Maypole back up, even if it kills us—and you.

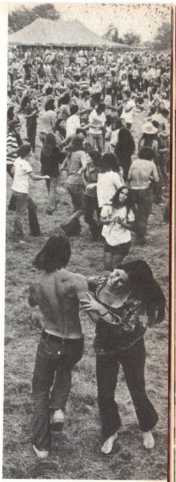
By the most insufferable of history's practical jokes, "letting it all hang out" could produce the same results as holding it all in. Instead of Salem witches, the California breed; instead of the Ku Klux Klan, the Weathermen. If Plymouth without Merry Mount was a mistake, Merry Mount without Plymouth could be a disaster. The country that began with theocracy could end with demonology. But such an end would be cheap parody. Rituals are not quick cures for civilization and its discontents. Nor are they self-indulgence for psychic escape artists. Rituals are ultimately the SOS of terrorized hearts trapped between knowledge of their own mortality and ignorance of the dark and quite possibly hostile universe about them. What they are desperately signaling for is a deal. They are the new compact that man tries to make with reality after the death of his illusion that he is God.

America began as a ritual of rebirth—the world's best publicized new beginning. Now the original American Dream is dying by bits and pieces, and that is our panic. Do the new rituals represent fumbling attempts to initiate a second beginning? Is all the writhing and the agony, all the violent self-division, the schizophrenia of an old self dying, a new self being born? Are we witnessing, at last, the erratic rites of America's coming of age? Of its coming to a self-awareness chastened by defeats into being more human? It is too soon to speculate—even to dream a second dream. One's hope is so guarded that it dares express itself only as these tentative questions. All that can be said now is that most Americans find themselves in a kind of no man's land, between Plymouth and Merry Mount, between Middletown and Woodstock. Between too much reason and too much passion. Between the impulse to act and the impulse to be.

According to Hawthorne's short story *The Maypole of Merry Mount*, the peal of a psalm from Plymouth would occasionally collide with "the chorus of a jolly catch" from Merry Mount and echo in a splendid confusion of styles. Suppose a little band of displaced Americans had lived exactly in the middle, in that no man's land between culture and counterculture. Suppose they had listened to that collision of psalm and catch tune for weeks, for months. Would the double echo have ceased to be two competing sounds? Would one new sound have fallen in the ear, with a new rhythm and harmony of its own, neither hymn nor May dance; a third way?

We will be the first to know, for 343 years after May Day 1627, we have become those displaced Americans. We are the people that both sides warned against.

■ Melvin Maddocks



ENVIRONMENT



HEDORO FLOATING IN TAGONOURA HARBOR

Fuji's Frightful Example

For centuries, the Japanese reverently visited the fabled village of Fuji. Set between snowcapped Mount Fuji and the shimmering Pacific, the place inspired poets and printmakers to create misty images of man's harmony with nature. Today Fuji is a small city (pop. 183,000), and tourists still come by the busload. Instead of beauty, they find man-made blight.

Ripped by two superhighways and three railway lines, the city is now a jumble of smoky factories whose fumes often shroud Mount Fuji in a brown pall. The port area of Tagonoura, once famed for its dazzling beaches, is a stinking cesspool. What has transformed Fuji is Japan's almost mythic urge for quick industrialization—with no environmental safeguards.

Death March. Each day Fuji's 150 paper mills pour 2,000,000 tons of raw waste into Tagonoura's waters. The catch of cherry-blossom prawns, a gourmet delicacy unique to the area, has been halved in recent years. Pulp sludge has settled on the floor of the port, reducing the depth of the channel from 30 ft. to 18 ft.—too shallow for even small freighters.

The Japanese call the foul brown sludge *hedoro*, combining the words for "vomit" and "muck." Like an indisposed pagan god, the port bottom belches huge bubbles of methane gas and alkaloid matter to the surface. In July, the hydrofoul stench caused workers aboard a dredger to faint. Naked fishermen diving for abalone near by broke out in a mysterious rash attributed to the tainted water. As a result, Fuji's problems seized Japan's headlines.

Thousands of Japanese descended on Fuji for "rallies against *hedoro*," which

a crusading local librarian called "the starting point of a death march of our civilization." Fuji's fishing boats flew bright banners that blazed messages of added disgust. Yukio Matsubara, a fishing association official, bluntly defined the root problem: "Hell bent on expanding our economic house, we have simply forgotten the need for building an honorable toilet for it."

Poison Gas. Other Japanese began to analyze the indirect costs of becoming the most productive nation in the world after the U.S. and U.S.S.R. One newspaper editorialized that G.N.P. "really means gross national pollution." Another paper investigated each of Japan's 46 prefectures and found that all but two suffer from *kogai*—environmental disruption. Cars in Tokyo cause an eye-stinging photochemical smog. Nearly every major city in Japan has its version of "Yokohama asthma," a wheezing caused by air pollution. Noxious industrial wastes wash around the bays of Tokyo, Osaka and Dokai in northern Kyushu. Amid the public outcry against *kogai*, a 15-year-old student recently scolded Premier Eisaku Sato for taking no action against pollution. "Isn't the government treating the people more or less like livestock?" he asked.

Though Fuji's example started the uproar, the city offers no solution. Mayor Hikotaro Watanabe confronts a familiar dilemma: "To stop paper production will prove too costly a step for the city. But to let the production go on will prove too dangerous a proposition to our citizens." The prefecture has been equally unsuccessful in banishing *hedoro*. A first suggestion, to dredge up the sludge and dump it 200 miles offshore in the Pacific, was quickly dismissed by scientists as ecological madness. When officials next proposed to

pump *hedoro* into "temporary repositories," one outraged citizen spoke for many: "It's like asking us to live with poison gas." As things now stand, all 150 of Fuji's paper mills are conducting business as usual. But last week their trade association announced a 20% increase in the wholesale price of toilet tissue. Reason: "To raise funds for building *kogai* prevention devices at the mills."

Menacing Mosquitoes

DDT is now widely indicted for killing wildlife and endangering man, but the latest charge has a reverse twist. In California, which is afflicted with 43 kinds of mosquitoes, two species have become virtually immune to DDT plus all other available insecticides.

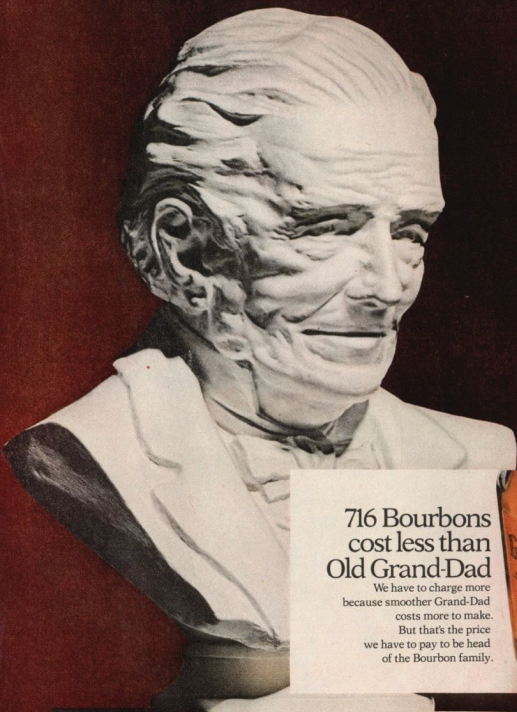
The worst of the pests is the female pasture mosquito (*Aedes nigromaculus*). Though it does not transmit diseases to man, the creature is a vicious stinger and travels in swarms as dense as 2,000,000 per acre in Southern California. In parts of the San Joaquin Valley, the pests are so thick at dawn and dusk—their feeding times—that people hardly dare step outdoors. Because of the insects, schools at times have been closed, farm workers have refused to tend crops, and dairy cows, stung on their udders, have produced no milk.

Narrow Escape. Research on pasture mosquitoes can be grueling. Charles H. Schaefer, director of the University of California Mosquito Control Research Laboratory, recalls a recent field trip he took with a co-worker. "As we stepped into the pasture, black clouds of mosquitoes swarmed into the air. They landed on us by the thousands. When we tried to run back to the car, we got caught in the barbed-wire fence and they flew into our ears, noses and mouths." The scientists finally escaped



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the choking swarm by closing themselves in their car.

For a brief period after DDT was first put to use in 1945, the pasture mosquito seemed under control in California. But within seven years, the insects had become so resistant to the new chemical that researchers had to develop another organic compound, ethyl parathion. That failed in 1961—as did methyl parathion in 1963, and fenitrothion in 1968. Today, California has no chemical able to kill the pasture mosquito in safe dosages.

To compound the problem, aerial spraying used to be so effective that mosquito-control agencies permitted farmers to forgo installing drainage facilities to reduce the insect's breeding grounds. As a result, the Central Valley's heavily irrigated crop lands have become huge hatcheries for *Aedes nigromaculis*. Now that insecticides are useless, farmers are being ordered to drain their fields—a costly process that may force many small operators out of business.

Until drainage is adequate, California may have increasing trouble with its *Anopheles* mosquito, which can transmit malaria from infected to healthy humans. Though not immune to insecticides, that bug proliferates in stagnant water and may spread more and more disease. Reason: about one percent of returning Southeast Asian veterans are infected with malaria. What really worries health officials, though, is *Culex tarsalis*, the second mosquito species that has foiled all insecticides in California. *Culex* transmits encephalitis, a disease that attacks the human brain. California's most recent encephalitis outbreak occurred in 1952, the year DDT failed, and a major flood turned much of the Great Central Valley into mosquito breeding grounds. The outbreak felled 757 people, and 50 died. Now the problem may be more serious. In pre-DDT days, 40% to 60% of the population developed an immunity to encephalitis through "inapparent infections." Because DDT then reduced the *Culex* mosquito, few people today have immunity to the disease.

Biological Controls. To combat California's rampant mosquitoes, researchers hope to develop new pesticides, but mainly for "emergencies." They now prefer to use the bugs' natural enemies. *Culex*, for example, can be controlled by the mosquito fish (gambusia) and the common guppy which eat mosquito larvae in water. Certain bacilli, when applied to pasture land, also kill mosquito larvae. Another method includes releasing large numbers of male mosquitoes of the same species but of different strains. Because of genetic incompatibilities, the eggs of the females fail to hatch.

Fortunately, there is no lack of natural enemies. One researcher lists more than 200 insects alone that prey on mosquitoes, to say nothing of birds, fish and other creatures. The problem is how to spot the one most likely to exterminate California's menacing mosquitoes while also ensuring that the new parasite will not upset the ecology of the region.

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EDUCATION

Taxpayers to the Barricades

What ever happened to the old American notion that schools are sacred? It has all but vanished in the suburbs of St. Louis. This year, voters in 13 districts have rejected school-tax levies—in one case, five times. As a result, many schools opened late, and classes may soon halt for about 35,000 children in two districts where votes are still pending. Nor is this phenomenon limited to the Show Me state. Coast to coast, public schools have made the transition from sacred cow to scapegoat in less time than it takes to say John Dewey.

The largest of the troubled Missouri districts is Hazelwood, a working-class suburb of spreading subdivisions and

on Nov. 17. Ironically, the first four elections cost Hazelwood \$17,500.

The national forests and cattle ranches of central Oregon's sprawling Crook County are light-years away from cities and subdivisions. Some of the 2,450 students scattered over Crook's 3,000-sq. mi. school district travel 50 miles to class. The crisis in Crook, however, is distressingly familiar. Since last spring, taxpayers have rejected the school budget four times, finally settling for a version that was reduced by \$90,000. A campaign was also begun to oust the school board; teachers' salaries were slashed by virtual coercion; a circuit court judge was called in to settle a ballot dispute; and campaigners on both sides were investigated by a grand jury. "All values

the school budget came up in May—a record \$11 million plan calling for a 4.5% increase in the property tax on top of new assessments—it came out on the short end of an 815-to-622 vote.

Complacency, said the president of the P.T.A., blaming the defeat on the light turnout and a small pressure group. But at the next election in June, with three times as many votes cast, a slightly reduced budget was defeated again. The voters finally gave their approval three weeks later, but only in the face of a state-designed austerity budget that would have eliminated athletic uniforms and new library books.

Cities like Sacramento, Calif., and Columbus have followed the example of towns and suburbs by rejecting school-funding proposals. The revolt is most dramatic in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Oregon and California, but few states have been spared. Six years ago, bond issues for new schools enjoyed a 73% success rate at the polls across the nation. In 1969, the figure fell to 52%.

Strange Bedfellows. Spiraling expenses notwithstanding, Educational Consultant Nickolaus Engelhardt believes that simple ignorance is responsible for the majority of bond-issue and budget rejections. The expenses are not so awesome, he contends, if they are carefully explained and justified to the voter.

Militant students and teachers compound the problem. "It seems logical to assume that there is a cell of subversives on the faculty," said Lee Dorfman of Scarsdale. "Those of us who have been putting up money to pay such teachers are fed up with the whole plan."

In the final analysis, there is a deeper frustration, which can put a dissident taxpayer in the same boat with the student radicals he detests. Largely impotent in the real world, the student turns his campus into a battleground because it seems the only place he has a chance to win. The taxpayer, just as impotent, and forced to keep paying for things he abhors, is throwing his weight around in the only arena where it has any effect. Janet Wells, president of Scarsdale's League of Women Voters, explained the revolt in words that could have come from any young rebel: "The budget defeats represented a feeling of desperation, a feeling that somehow things are getting out of hand but no one can do anything about it."

New Order for Stanford

Take a scholar of liberal mind who abhors U.S. policy in Viet Nam. Make him provost of a great university that is racked inside by antiwar demonstrators and resented outside by right-wingers. Caught between conflicting loyalties, how will he behave?

Unlike many liberal academics in that fix, Richard Lyman never wavered. As a historian, he had organized one of the country's first Viet Nam teach-ins. But as Stanford's vice president and provost, he put the university's survival first. After the invasion of Cambodia



GUERRILLA WARFARE COURSE IN SCARSDALE
From sacred cow to scapegoat.

apartment projects. In 15 years, Hazelwood's school enrollment has grown from 1,000 to nearly 25,000. At the same time, tax revenue from industrial and commercial property has fallen from one-fourth of the school budget to 7%. When Hazelwood voters began protesting higher property taxes in earnest last year, it took four elections to pass a school-tax levy. After four more elections in 1970, the voters have still not approved a levy.

Out of Work. Hazelwood's proposed tax stands at \$5.54 per \$100 of property assessed at 30% of valuation. For the owner of a \$15,000 house, this would come to \$249.30, up from \$234.90 last year. "Some of my neighbors are out of work," says Theodore J. Biondo, an aircraft engineer who heads a local parents' group. "They're wondering if they can keep their houses at all, so they're not anxious to vote more taxes on them." The board will re-submit the same tax levy on Oct. 21, and if it is rejected, close the schools

were sacrificed to the cause," laments a local minister. "There was no more love, understanding or charity."

Guerrilla War. Money has usually been plentiful in Scarsdale, a well-manured New York City suburb. Once known as the nation's wealthiest town, Scarsdale has also claimed the best public-school system in America. It had never voted down a school budget until this year. The stock market plunge may have been a factor, but there were several others. Last year Scarsdale's commuters were jolted by a New York Times story titled "Guerrilla War Tactics Taught at Scarsdale High." The story solemnly described one high school teacher's course about guerrilla warfare, which included demonstration field maneuvers in the woods. Then, in December, the school board voted to accept 50 black elementary school students in a busing arrangement with nearby Mount Vernon. Though Mount Vernon finally vetoed the plan, many people in Scarsdale did not forget. When

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Which leads me to believe (now that Greenland is safely behind me) that there may be other mis-mapped areas in the world.

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RICHARD LYMAN

Seeking reform, fighting disruption.

last spring, Lyman sent a personal telegram to President Nixon decrying the move, then opposed halting classes in support of the student strike. He was overruled by the faculty. He also called the police after students occupied an administration building to protest the university's war-related research. Said he: "We seek a victory of reason and the examined life over unreason and the tyranny of coercion."

No Honeymoon. Impressed with his integrity and strength, the trustees have just named Lyman, 46, president of Stanford. He succeeds Kenneth Pitzer, a quiet, introspective chemist who served only 19 months and was rebuffed at every turn. Pitzer was partly done in by vindictive student radicals who went to the extreme of drenching him with red paint. His low profile also irked key alumni donors, a bad omen when Stanford was contemplating a major fund drive. Last June, to the trustees' obvious relief, Pitzer resigned. Search committees of faculty, students and alumni took only three months to reach a consensus favoring Lyman for the job.

Undaunted by current fads (his hair is short, his ties 1960 width), Lyman is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Swarthmore, a Harvard Ph.D. and an expert on contemporary British history. As provost for 3½ years, he increased the admission of minority students and spearheaded curriculum reforms. Skilled in the vanishing art of dialogue, he delivered frequent briefings over the campus radio last spring and has now scheduled a weekly press conference. He seeks reform, but intends to fight disruption. "We have to preserve order," he said last week, "because if we do not, someone else who does not understand the delicate fabric of the university will come in and do it." Combatting such outside pressures will be tough, even for Lyman. "Were these normal times, he could expect a honeymoon for a year," said one professor. "Of course, these are not normal times."



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BEHAVIOR

Is Basket Weaving Harmful?

Awakened at the crack of dawn for an inhumanly early breakfast, the patient in a typical U.S. mental hospital faces a day of TV watching, pingpong, checkers, and perhaps a bit of dishwashing or floor mopping. Then there is lunch at 11:30, an hour of basket weaving or making leather belts, and dinner at 4:30 to end a day spent entirely in the company of his own sex. Is this routine rehabilitating? On the contrary, says Psychologist Wolf Wolfensberger of the Nebraska Psychiatric Institute, it is debilitating. Writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Dr. Wolfensberger pleads for what he calls the principle of normalization: treat a deviant normally and he will behave, if not normally, at least less abnormally.

Mortification Process. To Wolfensberger, normalization can do as much for the mentally ill as for the retarded. It will integrate the patient into society, at least as far as his illness permits, and wipe out or minimize the "subcultures of deviancy" that develop in institutions. To achieve that goal, Wolfensberger advocates specific changes in treatment:

- ▶ Patients should not be submitted to a "mortification" process—stripped of clothes and possessions and locked up. They should be free to turn lights off and on, open or close windows, welcome or reject a would-be visitor: "A nurse sweeping abruptly into a resident's room commits an act of denormalization." Patients should also get up, eat and retire at normal hours.
- ▶ "Normalization means living in a bisexual world." There should be "at least as much mingling of sexes as in a hotel, a mixed boardinghouse, or a home in which there live adults other than a married couple."
- ▶ Patients should not be forced, or even encouraged to take part in endless recreational therapy. "While American society approves of recreation after work, it does not approve of recreation instead of work; the latter is viewed as childlike play activity."
- ▶ Since "poverty in a mental hospital is no less dehumanizing than in a slum," patients should have pocket money, not merely scrip or credit.
- ▶ There ought to be an annual trip for hospital residents "to the usual tourist and vacation places."

The principle of normalization was first formulated in Denmark and has become part of Danish and Swedish law. Except in extreme cases, a retarded person may not be deprived of his civil rights in either country. Government funds assure him a living standard comparable to that of a typical citizen in his community.

Rare Examples. In the U.S., only a beginning has been made. In Omaha, federal, state and local funds support a

center that trains the mentally retarded in simple job skills like assembling hair curlers. The city also has four hostels and three apartments in which retarded patients live. But such examples are rare, and Wolfensberger hopes for much wider acceptance of the Scandinavian approach.

Killing a Culture

Human beings are born with male or female physical characteristics; they become masculine or feminine in manner and outlook only after being exposed to the conventions of society. To many Women's Liberationists, masculinity and femininity are outmoded sexist concepts, and the current blurring of sex roles is a welcome development. To Charles Winick, professor of anthropology and sociology at the City University of New York, the rise of "unisex" in the U.S. has ominous connotations for the future of the nation. In a survey of 2,000 different cultures, Winick found that some 55 were characterized by sexual ambiguity. Not one of those cultures has survived.

In ancient Athens it was widely believed that there were no significant emotional differences between the sexes. Winick points out that Alcibiades, one of the leaders responsible for the city's defeat by Sparta, was condemned by Plutarch for his "effeminacy in dress—he would trail long purple robes through the Agora." On the Acropolis, it was hard to distinguish the statues by sex. Says Winick: "Hermes and Aphrodite have the same boyishly slender body, girlishly fine arms, and sexually undifferentiated expression."

A similar trend marked Rome long before its fall. Juvenal decried the ubiquity of foppish, feminine, perfumed males. Elagabalus appeared publicly in women's clothes. Caesar was likened to "every man's wife and every woman's husband"; Antony had a harem of men and women; and Nero is thought to have married a castrated male.

The Barely There Face. In our own culture, Winick sees intersex everywhere. Clothes and hair are the least of it. Sales of jewelry and fragrances for men have risen massively in the past three years. Since World War II, there has been a 66% increase in the number of women tennis players, a 1,000% rise in women golfers. Every third gun-owner is a woman, and so is every fifth skydiver.

In addition to sexual crisscrossing, unisex is characterized by blandness and the avoidance of extremes. Says Winick: "Light from her cigar may provide

the only brightness" on modern woman's "barely there" face. Houses are becoming sexless: they contain few leather club chairs or boudoir chairs—or even boudoirs. In interior decoration, the most popular hue is a noncolor, beige. Names too are sexually equivocal; one child out of five has a name like Robin or Leslie or Dana.

Stout is out, and so are other masculine drinks like ale and porter. Even beer "has a much thinner taste," according to Winick. The tastelessness of convenience foods like instant coffee "helps reinforce our acceptance of the neuter" in the rest of our culture. In ballet, adults adore the unisexuality of Nureyev; in books, children prefer easy-to-read real-life adventures to fairy tales with their "idealized, romantic roles."

JULIAN WASSER



WOMAN & MAN IN UNISEX CLOTHES
Equal but not equivalent.

models of the masculine and feminine."

Why does it all matter? Because, Winick explains, until people have acquired what psychiatrists call sexual identity, and until they recognize the reality of their sex, they cannot accept or cope with other realities. Says Winick: "America's survival potential may be substantially undercut if unisex continues because it will impair our ability to adapt to new situations."

Not that Winick would go back to 19th century notions of what men and women should be like; it matters little how masculinity and femininity are defined, he suggests, as long as they are defined. "Just about every combination of male and female role-relationship can be effective—except one in which roles are blurred." The sexes are equal, not equivalent. There need be no hurt feelings, he says, because "difference" does not mean "deficiency."

RELIGION

New Bible for Catholics

English-speaking Roman Catholics have never produced a first-class Bible of their own. The Douay Version, their standard since 1609, was written in Douay and Rheims, France, by exiles driven from England and cut off from English libraries. Worse, in 1546, the Council of Trent had required, in effect, that all official translations be made from St. Jerome's 5th century Latin Vulgate text, rather than from manuscripts in the original Hebrew, Greek and Aramaic. The King James Version, published by Protestants in 1611, has always overshadowed the Douay among scholars and laymen.

Now all that is changing. Protestants six months ago produced the highly regarded New English Bible, the first major British translation since King James (TIME, March 23). Last week came the New American Bible, which wins an automatic place in history as Roman Catholicism's first direct translation of the full Bible from the original languages into English.

The N.A.B. is further distinguished by its concise, straightforward style. The Rev. Gerard Sloyan, chairman of the religion department at Temple University, who edited the New Testament, feels that its vocabulary is richer than such popular-level volumes as *Good News for Modern Man* or the 1958 J.B. Phillips translation. Still, the language does not "fly as high" as that of the New English Bible, and Father Sloyan admits: "It may be said that, being American, we have done the lowbrow thing."

The N.A.B.'s narrative passages are the major beneficiaries of the decision to stress clarity over resonance. Douay's

Dalila, for example, asked Samson in stodgy Elizabethan English "Wherewith if thou wert bound thou couldst not break loose?" Now she says, "Tell me how you may be bound so as to be kept helpless." In the N.A.B.'s New Testament, the account of Paul's trip to Rome (*Acts* 27) turns out to be a brisk, realistic shipwreck saga. Too many Bible tales, Sloyan says, had become "sublime accounts more befitting gods than men."

The N.A.B. is one of the few modern versions to address God directly as "you" instead of the reverential "thee" or "thou." In many familiar passages, Catholics should welcome the clarity of modern language (see box), but some may flinch when the priest at a wedding intones: "Let no man separate what God has joined," instead of, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Something is missing, too, when "the spirit is willing but nature is weak." Inexplicably, some words have become more obscure ("terebinth," for instance, replaces "turpentine tree"). And sometimes the translation seems a bit too breezy. In the tense temptation scene, Jesus formerly proclaimed to the Devil, "It is written"; now he says, "Scripture has it." In *James* 2:16, "Go in peace" becomes "Goodbye and good luck!"

Literary Sins. The translators' commentary in the N.A.B. is bound to be more controversial than the biblical text itself. The introduction criticizes the New Testament as flawed by "limited vocabularies," "stylistic infelicities," "syntactical shortcomings," "overladen sentences" and "rhetorically ineffective words and phrases"—in general, literary sins no "Western contemporary writer" would commit. The scholars are obviously trying to prepare readers for what they call their "unvarnished" version, but they seem to protest too much about the style of the ancient writers. After all, translators throughout the ages have had to deal with the blunt prose of Mark and the sometimes serpentine arguments and broken thoughts of Paul's letters.

The most sensitive passages in any Bible translation are those that deal with doctrine. The N.A.B. retains "virgin" in *Isaiah* 7:14, considered a prediction of the Virgin Birth, rather than the "young woman" favored by recent Protestant versions. Several footnotes are used to explain verses apparently contradicting the Catholic dogma that Mary and Joseph never had sexual relations even after Jesus was born. One of these states that the New Testament word for the "brothers" of Jesus could mean either blood brothers or merely relatives, but the N.A.B. sides with the latter. In *Acts* 17:26, the N.A.B. follows

* In translating the Old Testament names of God, the N.A.B., like most versions, renders the forms beginning in *El* as "God" and *Yahweh* as "the Lord." The Jerusalem Bible of 1966 carried "Yahweh" directly into the English text.



THE DEVIL TEMPTING JESUS
A place in history.

other translations in saying that mankind comes from "one stock" instead of Douay's "one man." In Douay, *1 Corinthians* 9:5 said that the Apostles had "a right to take about . . . a woman, a sister," but the N.A.B. says candidly that what they had was "the right to marry."

Missing Dicta. Despite the imprimatur of Washington's conservative Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle, the N.A.B. enshrines many Protestant critical theories that have won wide acceptance in Catholic seminaries in the past 20 years. The Douay preface once reminded everyone that since God inspired the Bible, it could have no "formal error," and that the church must be the ultimate interpreter. These dicta are now missing. In other departures from Douay, the N.A.B. questions the Bible's strict historical accuracy, avoids old insistences that Matthew (which contains key passages bearing on Catholic dogma) was the earliest Gospel, and confesses uncertainty about who wrote Paul's three "pastoral" letters or Peter's two letters, despite the bylines in the text.

The translators wish that the dozen N.A.B. publishers were not marketing it as a "Catholic" Bible, but the work has its sectarian aspects. The most obvious one is inclusion of the Old Testament Apocrypha. Though Anglicans occasionally use these books in services, no Protestant group regards them as Scripture, which makes them a major barrier to any common Bible. One N.A.B. footnote specifies that Peter himself is the "rock" on which the church is founded; Protestants consider the verse a play on words in which Jesus renamed the apostle *Petros* because of the *petra* (rock) of his confession of faith.

Commenting on *Romans* 3, a key pas-



ST. JEROME TRANSLATING
A welcome clarity.

sage disputed during the Reformation, the Douay notes state flatly that "we cannot be saved without good works." However, the N.A.B. notes admit justification by grace through faith alone, thereby sounding like a cross between Martin Luther and the modern Catholicism of Swiss Theologian Hans Küng. One minor point: the N.A.B. discards the proper nouns based on Jerome's Vulgate in favor of the English forms generally accepted by scholars (Osee, for instance, has given way to Hosea).

From Scratch. The N.A.B. has been a long time coming. U.S. bishops were longing for a new Bible when they held their first general meeting back in 1829. When the project finally began in 1936, St. Jerome's Latin text was still required for official translations, and the resulting "Confraternity" New Testament of 1941 was therefore wedded to Douay. Two years later, Pope Pius XII issued a landmark encyclical, *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, which permitted translators to use the best available texts.

The Americans started over again from scratch. Since then, the scholars have benefited from a wealth of new-found biblical manuscripts and other literature (including the Dead Sea Scrolls) that put them in much closer contact with the original words. The Old Testament was issued in five sections between 1948 and 1969, and the New Testament was released with the full Bible last week.

At various times, 50 translators, chosen by the Catholic Biblical Association of America, had a hand in the N.A.B. Four of them were Protestants, who were added after Vatican II encouraged interchurch contacts. Sixteen have died, including the Old Testament chairman, the Rev. Louis Hartman, who missed the release of the Bible by only six weeks. Each of the 73 biblical books was assigned to a scholar, with the Rev. Stephen Hartdegen as coordinator. The unpaid workers produced first drafts in their paper-choked offices, then met in committees several times a year to hash over one another's work line by

line. All versions were thoroughly written and rewritten, and some were discarded until they finally won committee endorsement. The end result was unified by a final editor, then approved by Father Hartman or Monsignor Myles Bourke, the New Testament chairman. After 25 years of labor, the project vice chairman, Monsignor Patrick Skehan, confessed last week: "I'm rather sick of it."

The N.A.B. is appearing at "a very poor time," Bourke says, because so many good modern Bibles are now available to Catholics. The best of these is the Jerusalem Bible of 1966, which is based on a modern French translation from the original languages. Individual Catholics have also been using the Protestant Revised Standard Version and the New English Bible. Whatever the sales prospects, much of the N.A.B.'s crisp language has already become part of American Catholic culture, since the new Bible has already been authorized as the source of readings in the Mass.

Speaking "in Divers Manners"

The contrast between the New American Bible and the Confraternity translation, the U.S. Roman Catholic standby since 1941, is evident in these familiar New Testament passages:

The "Our Father" (Matthew 6:9-13)

Old: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
New: Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread, and forgive us the wrong we have done
as we forgive those who wrong us.
Subject us not to the trial but deliver us from the evil one.

The Golden Rule (Matthew 7:12)

Old: Therefore all that you wish men to do to you, even so do you also to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.
New: Treat others the way you would have them treat you; this sums up the law and the prophets.

Peter's Primacy (Matthew 16:18-19)

Old: And I say to thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and what-

ever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

New: I for my part declare to you, you are "Rock," and on this rock I will build my church, and the jaws of death shall not prevail against it. I will entrust to you the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatever you declare bound on earth shall be bound in heaven; whatever you declare loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

Saul's Vision (Acts 9:3-7)

Old: And as he went on his journey it came to pass that he drew near Damascus, when suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him; and falling to the ground, he heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus, whom thou art persecuting. It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." And he, trembling and amazed, said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord said to him, "Arise and go into the city and it will be told thee what thou must do." Now the men who journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing indeed the voice, but seeing no one.

New: As he traveled along and was approaching Damascus, a light from the sky suddenly flashed about him. He fell to the ground and at the same time heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" "Who are you, sir?" he asked. The voice answered, "I am Jesus, the one you are persecuting. Get up and go into the city, where you will be told what to do." The men who were traveling with him stood there speechless. They had heard the voice but could see no one.

Love (1 Corinthians 13:4-7)

Old: Charity is patient, is kind; charity does not envy, is not pretentious, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not self-seeking, is not provoked; thinks no evil, does not rejoice over wickedness, but rejoices with the truth; bears with all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

New: Love is patient; love is kind. Love is not jealous, it does not put on airs, it is not snobbish. Love is never rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not prone to anger; neither does it brood over injuries. Love does not rejoice in what is wrong but rejoices with the truth. There is no limit to love's forbearance, to its trust, its hope, its power to endure.

The Son (Hebrews 1:1-3)

Old: God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days has spoken to us by his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, by whom he also made the world; who, being the brightness of his glory and the image of his substance, and upholding all things by the word of his power, has effected man's purgation from sin and taken his seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high . . .

New: In times past, God spoke in fragmentary and varied ways to our fathers through the prophets; in this, the final age, he has spoken to us through his Son, whom he has made heir of all things and through whom he first created the universe. This Son is the reflection of the Father's glory, the exact representation of the Father's being, and he sustains all things by his powerful word. When he had cleansed us from our sins, he took his seat at the right hand of the Majesty in heaven . . .



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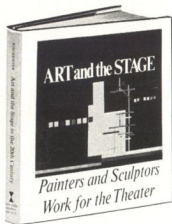
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THE THEATER

The Roomer

With due and high regard for John Donne, every man is an island. We make beachheads on these islands, advance with deceptive ease for a few hundred yards, and then run into an impenetrable rain forest. No modern playwright has been more acutely conscious of the resistant density of the human personality than Harold Pinter.

To interpret his plays, a good guide is a necessity. He exists in Martin Esslin (*The Peopled Wound*; Doubleday; \$5.95). Author of *The Theatre of the Absurd* and Brecht: *The Man and His Work*, Esslin is a genial host of a critic. He shares an avant-garde playwright with his readers in the same enthusiastic way that he might recommend an excellent little restaurant slightly off the tourist track. *The Peopled Wound* is valuable not because it makes some intuitive new leap of insight but because it gathers in one convenient place most of what has been said and thought about Pinter. The son of a Jewish tailor, Pinter grew up in the congested, polyglot and intensely familial world of London's East End. His mastery of English contains elements of a quasi alien's act of assimilative will, an acute tuning of the ear to the language of success and survival.

He lived in a tough neighborhood that was periodically invaded by Oswald Mosley's fascist bullyboys. Pinter remembers that as an adolescent, he had to run a gauntlet of broken milk bottles thrust menacingly at him. Not surprisingly, the boy's imagination was permeated by the Nazi massacre of the Jews. The threatened knock at the door, with the certainty of horrible punishment for an uncommitted crime, was a sound of terror in his mind before he ever recorded it on the stage.

Winning Humility. In approaching the substructure of Pinter's dramas, Esslin is appropriately psychoanalytical. To take a hard line on the "meaning" of a Pinter play is like taking a hard line on the meaning of a sunrise. In his play-by-play analysis, Esslin displays a winning humility. He is never arbitrary about imposing interpretations.

The core of a Pinter play is a room. Whether or not it is a womb, it is a warm sanctuary from a cold external world. Two things tend to happen to the people in the room: expulsion or intrusion. Expulsion, in the larger sense, means being thrown out of Eden, out of a particular role, out of life. Intrusion means a violation of person and mind, a destruction of being.

A prevailing Pinter image is blindness, used to denote loss of potency, status or life. Women in the plays are almost always presented in either the image of the "mother/madonna/housewife" or the "whore/maenad." Sometimes they merge, as in the character of Ruth who,

in *The Homecoming*, leaves her husband and three children to become a very businesslike whore in the employ of her husband's father and brothers.

The immediate reaction of many playwrights was that no wife and mother would behave that way. But, as Esslin keeps saying, Pinter is an existential playwright. His brief basic creed holds that human nature is not fixed and ordained, either by divine law or some ingrained edict governing the behavior of the species. Man instead defines himself in moment-to-moment acts that may be quite contradictory. This accounts for the



PINTER IN LONDON

The unspoken word thunders.

breath-stopping power of the totally unexpected in a Pinter play.

Esslin is extremely helpful on Pinter's use of language as dramatic action. In his dialogue, words are often punitive; those jagged milk bottles Pinter had to face as a boy are transferred into a fierce power struggle of words. The losers in his plays frequently become addled in speech, or utterly speechless. They have symbolically lost control over their immediate terrain, or their future destiny.

Pinter has always been acutely aware of the language beneath language. He knows that the unsaid word sometimes thunders. He elevated the pause to a line of dialogue. As a playwright, Pinter has taken the age-old dramatic confrontation of appearance v. reality into the area of language itself.

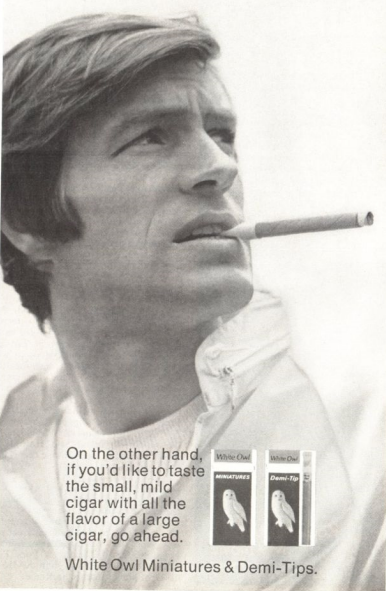
What is lacking in Esslin's book is an adequate treatment of Pinter's humor, the who's-on-first? type of verbal

vaudeville, the teasing that frequently precedes the terror. Esslin also scants the intense domestic patterns in Pinter's two- and three-person plays, which contribute to both the solace and the savagery of his dramas.

Esslin grades Pinter as a profound and durable playwright, and in this he is, of course, forced to play the critic's absurd game of trying to make up posterity's mind. What can be said with assurance is that when anyone uses the word Pinteresque—a word Pinter hates—it is because there is no adequate substitute. That ought to be triumph enough for an artist just turned 40.

■ T.E. Kalem

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The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: Publisher, Henry Luce III, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; Editor-in-Chief, Hedley Donovan, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; Managing Editor, Henry A. Grunwald, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Married. Donovan (real name: Donovan Leitch), 24, Britain's versatile, vibrato-voiced minstrel (*Isle of Islay*); and Lynda Lawrence, 23, girl friend of the Rolling Stones' late Brian Jones; both for the first time; in Windsor, England.

Died. James Fisher, 58, British ornithologist and conservationist; of injuries received in an auto accident; in London. Britons knew him as a sort of apostle for bird watching who kindled their interest through more than 700 radio programs, 200 TV appearances and 27 books. American bird watchers remember his *Wild America*, which he co-authored with Roger Tory Peterson, an account of their field trip in 1953, during which Fisher logged 601 different species of birds in 100 days.

Died. John Dos Passos, 74, novelist-chronicler of the post-World War I generation (see THE NATION).

Died. Gilbert Seldes, 77, author, critic and longtime booster of the popular arts; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. In 1924 Seldes stirred a sensation with his *The Seven Lively Arts*, in which he argued that Charlie Chaplin, Al Jolson, Fanny Brice, jazz, the circus and burlesque had it all over the Barrymores, the Metropolitan Opera or the works of Cecil B. DeMille. Indeed, he made a case that Krazy Kat, the comic strip, was the most satisfactory work of art then produced in America—all of which enraged serious critics of the day and titillated Seldes' many fans.

Died. Edward Everett Horton, 84, persimmon-faced comedian who starred on stage, screen, radio and TV for more than 60 years; of cancer; in Encino, Calif. With an apologetic stoop, a wry grin and timely double- (sometimes triple-) take, Horton made his comic way through almost 3,000 stage revivals of *Springtime for Henry* and more than 100 movies, including several with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (*Top Hat*, *Shall We Dance?*). Why so often the supporting roles? Said Horton: "I do the scavenger parts no one else wants and I get well paid for it."

Died. Benedetto Cardinal Aloisi Massella, 91, oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, who served as a papal nuncio in Chile and Brazil for 27 years, then acted briefly as chief executive of the Vatican interim administration after the deaths of Pope Pius XII in 1958 and Pope John XXIII in 1963; of kidney disease; in Rome.

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Trophy of Tenacity

To say the least, it was one of the biggest Cézannes in the world—6½ ft. by 4 ft. of dark, thickly impasted paint. Paul Cézanne made his *Portrait of the Artist's Father* in 1866, when he was 27. For years it hung in the privacy of a mansion on the outskirts of Paris owned by the family of the French industrialist Auguste Pellerin, who was an assiduous collector of Cézannes. Some ten years ago Paul Mellon, son and heir of Andrew Mellon, saw it there and with the tenacity of true love, set out to buy it. An intricate mating dance of negotiations began in 1965 and culminated at a Washington press conference last week, when Mellon announced the gift of the Cézanne to the National Gallery his father had so lavishly endowed. Mellon, a shy man, posed uncomfortably for photographers beside the painting. "I like it better at the races," Mellon observed. "There you have a horse to pat."

The price Mellon paid was not officially disclosed, but it was no secret that it was the highest ever for a French painting. Reliable sources put it at \$1,600,000—\$50,000 more than Norton Simon paid for Renoir's *Le Pont des Arts* in 1968. It reflected—and will encourage—the hugely inflated prices collectors seem willing to pay for Impressionist and post-Impressionist painting.

Mellon himself explained his purchase with disarming candor: "I thought it was a very great picture—one that belongs in the gallery because of its size and scale and because I like it per-

sonally." But J. Carter Brown, the National Gallery's director, went into raptures. "It's a powerhouse. For sheer scale, intensity and impact, I would put this painting up against anything in our collections."

That sounded like excitable rhetoric, but in fact Brown's words were hedged. "Impact" has never been a criterion of quality in art and if scale was one, all billboards might be masterpieces. The fact that the Cézanne, next to Leonardo da Vinci's *Ginevra de' Benci* (which cost about \$5,000,000) is the costliest new picture in Washington does not mean it can be "put up against" Bellini's *Feast of the Gods*, Raphael's *Alba Madonna*, or even the museum's other and better Cézannes. Its interest is mainly historical. Cézannes of this date are rare. Even the ineptitudes of this gawky powerful portrait—such as the clumsy handling of the trousers and the armchair—have a certain interest in the context of Cézanne's development, reminding viewers that genius has to grow and is not born full-blown.

Loner in the Desert

Fifty years ago, Georgia O'Keeffe was the muse and queen bee of the New York avant-garde. A small, aggressive coterie, its social life revolved around the "291" gallery, run by O'Keeffe's future husband, Alfred Stieglitz. O'Keeffe was beautiful, then as now, and Stieglitz's pictures of her over their long years together form the greatest love poem in the history of photography. But painters in the "291" circle, like Marsden Hartley and John Marin, found it hard to believe that somebody who did the cooking might also be a serious painter.

Even before Stieglitz died in 1946, his wife had quit New York to spend the summer months in seclusion in the Southwest. Since then, she has been known as America's "leading woman artist"—a boldly condescending phrase—and largely dismissed as irrelevant by generations weaned on Pollock and Kline. To younger painters, her articulate images of mountain, bone and desert looked merely provincial. The milk train of history, having stopped at Tenth Street to pick up the Abstract Expressionists, could not be expected to halt at so remote a siding as Abiqui, N. Mex. But if it could be ignored for the wrong reasons, her work was sometimes praised for worse ones—as if it were a grass-roots, Middle-American riposte to creeping internationalism.

This week the Whitney Museum opens a major retrospective of O'Keeffe's paintings. It should scotch the myth of her provinciality forever. O'Keeffe emerges from it as an archetypal individualist who knew about styles other than her own, who delved back to the roots of modernism (such as Oriental art) to discover her own direction, found it, and moved on. If she is a loner at 82, it is be-



O'KEEFFE WITH "JIMSON WEED"
Scotching the myth of provinciality.

cause of her special vision. To call her "provincial" because her images are mainly drawn from New Mexico is like calling Gauguin provincial because he worked in Tahiti.

Strenuous Responsibility. "Clean" is the adjective Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings constantly invite: clean as a bone, as a desert rock, as a haiku. She refutes the idea that discipline is masculine. O'Keeffe may, in a special sense, be the most aristocratic artist America has yet produced. This quality has nothing to do with a grand manner. It lies in its antithesis: her aloofness and precision, her refusal to make any gesture for the sake of effect. Every work in this show, from the earliest calligraphic wash drawings to the recent ones, like *Road Past the View*, stands to the art of painting as Shaker barns do to architecture—plain, the forms reduced to their simplest and most mysterious denominators, not an ounce of fat left. She works on a level of strenuous responsibility that other American figurative artists never reach, or attain only in brief spurts. This lean resilience is as distinct in O'Keeffe's early landscapes of upstate New York, like *Lake George with Crows*, as it is in her desert paintings of the '60s.

Her unblinking self-scrutiny, carried to the point where the self becomes as transparent as water, is demanding and hard to take. But it gives her as much claim as Jackson Pollock had to be numbered among the exemplary figures of modern American culture. O'Keeffe appropriated the 19th century image of the Pioneer Woman (as Pollock took that of the Roaring Boy) and, against all odds, made it work. Wrinkled and spry, fiercely committed to work and solitude, she lives isolated on her New Mexico ranch with two servants and a

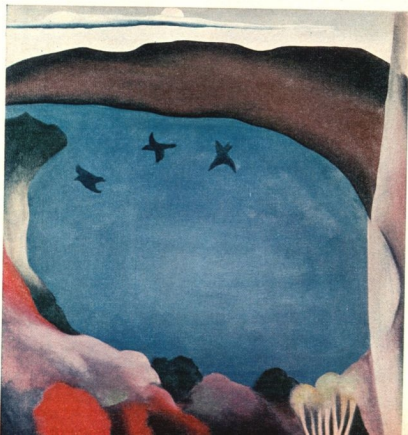


MELLON & CÉZANNE PORTRAIT
With the tenacity of true love.



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE:
Imagist of Landscape

In *Lake George with Crows*, circa 1921 (*right*), birds tumble joyfully over a dark blue lake, its shores patched by rocks and tree. "I used to take out a boat and just lie there looking up that willow tree on the right," she recalls. In *Road Past the View*, 1964 (*top*), the landscape near her ranch in New Mexico is transformed into a flowing image of release, abstracted into three flat, silhouetted hills traversed by the undulating road.



How Gary Hale's grasses help restore mined land



Gary Hale is one of Bethlehem's experts in land reclamation, with a record of success in transforming surface-mined slopes in eastern Kentucky into usable, productive land. It's not an easy job.

The terrain of our Kentucky mining properties is mountainous. Soil conditions vary. After an area is surface mined, vast quantities of displaced earth and rock must be graded and seeded promptly to prevent erosion. Trees are planted on "benches" and outcrops. Even then, successful reclamation takes time . . . time for seeds to germinate . . . for root systems to develop . . . for vegetation to take hold and thrive.

In restoring this land to productive use, Gary cannot rely on guesswork. He must know in advance which grass covers will produce fast, reliable results. That's why he tackled the problem scientifically.

He found the answers by planting large tracts of mined land with a variety of experimental grasses and legumes: Crown Vetch, Kentucky 31 Fescue, Kobe and Korean Lespedeza, Bi-Color Lespedeza, Millet, Sunflower, Timothy, Ladino and Sweet Clover, Rye and Winter Rye, Bristly Locust . . . and others.

These experiments showed the characteristics of each species under actual field conditions. As a result, Gary is able to select with assurance those grasses and legumes that will best restore aesthetic beauty to the land . . . stabilize the soil against erosion . . . provide quick cover while residual grasses and shrubs develop . . . create usable sites for homes, build pasture for cattle grazing, attract both song birds and game birds, as well as rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, and other wildlife.

Land reclamation, especially in mountainous terrain, is a relatively new science, and re-claimers like Gary Hale are still helping us write the book. Bethlehem first took steps toward scientific control and restoration of lands more than 40 years ago. But we are still learning more about doing a better job. We want to be a good neighbor wherever we have operations.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



pair of eleven-year-old chow dogs for company ("They bite very well; I've seen quite a few visitors I didn't want go off with blood sloshing out of their shoes")—a paradigm of the frontier experience which Thoreau tried with less success to live at Walden.

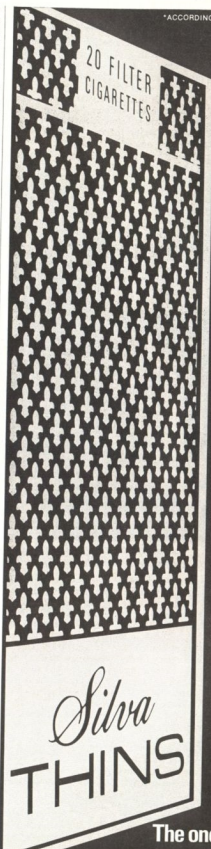
Far and Near. O'Keeffe's images are an amalgam of sweep and intimacy. The title of one of her best-known paintings, which depicts a deer skull with vast antlers hovering above a range of hills, is *From the Faraway Nearby*; it reflects her gift for telescopic and microscopic sight. On one hand, her work is obsessed with landscapes-as-epic, landscape as an active protagonist, exerting the immense dumb power of its presence on human intruders. "Those hills!" she exclaims, in front of a canvas of 1944, *Black Place III*. "They go on and on—it was like looking at two miles of gray elephants." In fact, her love of epic scale (although her paintings are startlingly small) provides the sole point of contact between her work and Abstract Expressionism—the expansive image of American bigness.

In a sense, her paintings are like the desert itself, where there is no apparent middle ground: everything is either far or near, held in a hallucinatory clarity. In O'Keeffe's tender, expanded details of Jimson weed, desert roses, shingles and pebbles, a generation used to psychedelics will recognize a part of its own experience—reality declaring its inexhaustible fullness. Perhaps it is the concentration of such images, with their shifts of scale and razor-sharp exactitude, that leads some viewers to compare them to Surrealism. But surrealist imagery is, almost by definition, fantastic, whereas O'Keeffe's paintings insist that they are not dreams: the commonest object unfolds itself, seen awake in full sunlight. She is not a metaphorical artist (everything is what it is, and stands for nothing else), but her work is full of correspondences. There is not a nude in the show, not even a figure; yet her images are a rich and complex statement about female sexuality. All the other sexual painters are men and, like Picasso, treat women as objects. They paint what it is like to want a woman; O'Keeffe paints what it is to be one—at a level of the psyche which no man can reach.

Of her work, Georgia O'Keeffe once remarked: "Sometimes I have resisted painting something that seemed to me so ordinary, hardly worth doing. But when I do it and it's done, it's different from what other people see. It is ordinary to me, but not to you." Precisely. O'Keeffe's laconic familiarity with her own images is oddly reminiscent of William Blake's after-dinner chats with the Prophet Ezekiel. Vision, even mysticism, sits on her like a well-worn old coat. No other American artist, and few living painters anywhere, have fused their inner and outer worlds with such spare grace. The life and work are one.

■ Robert Hughes

*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT FIGURES.



**Silva Thins
has
less tar.**

***Less than other 100's
Less than most kings.
-Yet better taste!**

The one that's thin and rich.

MEDICINE

Debate Over National Health Insurance

Americans pay more for medical care than any other people—\$60.3 billion in 1969, nearly 500% more than they spent in 1950. Yet the dividends from this investment are depressingly meager. The U.S. trails twelve other countries in infant mortality rates; women live longer in ten countries and men in 17. One of every 50 Americans has no access to a doctor under any circumstances.

Even so, U.S. doctors' fees are rising twice as fast as consumer prices; hospital costs are soaring five times faster. Neither public nor nonprofit private insurance is adequate to meet present or projected health requirements. In 1968, despite Medicaid, 20% of all Americans under 65 had no hospital, 22% no surgical and 97% no dental insurance.

From Britain to Japan, virtually ev-

nization of the country's health system. Essentially an expanded Social Security program, it would create a national health insurance system for all Americans. To meet an estimated price of \$57 billion in its first year of operation—less than the nation's current medical bill—the plan would derive 40% of its funds from federal revenues, 35% from an employer's payroll tax and 25% from individual income taxes. The plan would not cut per capita health costs (now \$270 a year), but it would greatly increase health coverage. Supporters claim that if the plan had been in operation last year, it would have paid 70% of all personal health expenditures, compared with 30% under existing insurance plans.

The American Medical Association opposes the plan on the familiar grounds that it impersonalizes the relationship between doctor and patient. The A.M.A.

grams. To that end, Max Fine of the Committee of 100 estimated that the Government could shave \$1.1 billion from the national health-care bill by abolishing the more than 20,000 different types of policies now offered by 1,800 competing private insurers, the largest of which would become Government contractors. It could save another \$6.4 billion by eliminating doctors' overcharges and unnecessary surgery, and by encouraging more cost-cutting group practice.

Seldom Used Rule. In fact, national health insurance has no chance of passage this year. Invoking a seldom used rule, Republicans objected to the committee's decision to hold hearings while the Senate was in session. As a result, the hearings have now been recessed until January, thus precluding any action on health insurance until the new Congress takes over.

But the debate will continue. Having forced the Administration into going on record against national health in-



OPPONENT JOHN VENEMAN



OUTPATIENT CLINIC IN PHOENIX, ARIZ.
Massive investment, meager dividends.



PROPOSER EDWARD KENNEDY

ery industrial country has met its citizens' health needs with some kind of national insurance plan. Not the U.S. Since 1912, at least a dozen such programs have been discussed and discarded in the face of overwhelming opposition. Now a coalition of Democrats, liberal Republicans and labor leaders has united behind a new plan.

Failing Business. At hearings held by the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee last month, Committee Chairman Ralph Yarborough described the U.S. health-care system as "shambles." Edward Kennedy called it "the fastest-growing failing business in the nation." A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany urged recognition of health care as "a basic human right."

All agreed that such a right would be guaranteed by a bill developed by the late Walter Reuther's "Committee of 100" assorted public figures. The bill was introduced by Senator Kennedy last August and is a sweeping reorga-

nization of the country's health system. Essentially an expanded Social Security program, it would create a national health insurance system for all Americans. To meet an estimated price of \$57 billion in its first year of operation—less than the nation's current medical bill—the plan would derive 40% of its funds from federal revenues, 35% from an employer's payroll tax and 25% from individual income taxes. The plan would not cut per capita health costs (now \$270 a year), but it would greatly increase health coverage. Supporters claim that if the plan had been in operation last year, it would have paid 70% of all personal health expenditures, compared with 30% under existing insurance plans.

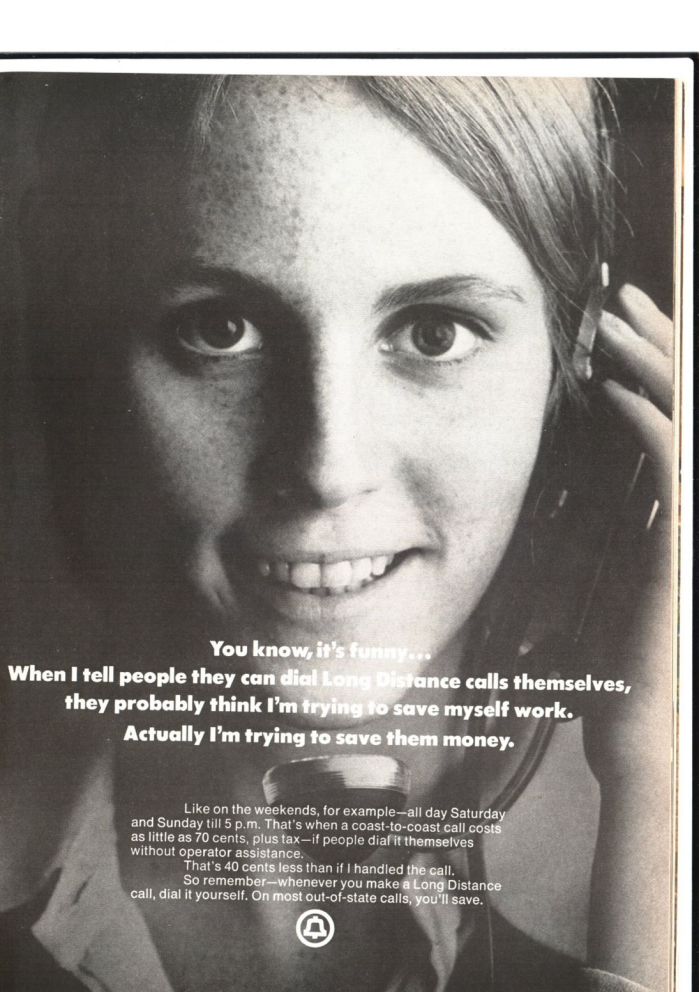
The plan's promoters insist its figures are inflated. They point out that about two-thirds of the cost of their health insurance program is already being spent under the Medicare and Medicaid programs, or laid out by consumers who now pay their own medical bills. Since the new plan envisions far greater efficiency, almost \$14 billion would be saved by eliminating administrative waste and overlapping pro-

grams. To that end, Max Fine of the Committee of 100 estimated that the Government could shave \$1.1 billion from the national health-care bill by abolishing the more than 20,000 different types of policies now offered by 1,800 competing private insurers, the largest of which would become Government contractors. It could save another \$6.4 billion by eliminating doctors' overcharges and unnecessary surgery, and by encouraging more cost-cutting group practice.

Poisoned Pottery

Lead is lethal. Once used as a paint base, for example, it poisons hungry slum children who like to chew bits of old paint from their flaking tenement walls. Last year two such children died and an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 were affected in New York City alone. But lead poisoning is hardly confined to slums. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a team of Canadian researchers has now analyzed an insidious source of the ailment: glazed earthenware pottery.

The search began when two young brothers, aged two and four, were admitted to a Montreal hospital with acute



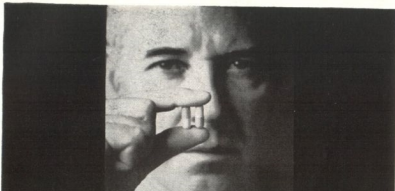
You know, it's funny...
When I tell people they can dial Long Distance calls themselves,
they probably think I'm trying to save myself work.
Actually I'm trying to save them money.

Like on the weekends, for example—all day Saturday and Sunday till 5 p.m. That's when a coast-to-coast call costs as little as 70 cents, plus tax—if people dial it themselves without operator assistance.

That's 40 cents less than if I handled the call.

So remember—whenever you make a Long Distance call, dial it yourself. On most out-of-state calls, you'll save.





"Chemically, these two medicines are twins... but I can tell you that they're not identical."

The head of research for a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer knows that "twin" medicines can give different results.

These two products might work in different ways in your body. Both capsules contain the same active ingredient, but they were made by different companies, each with its own formulas and manufacturing techniques.

Can these small differences matter? Ask your doctor or pharmacist. Tests indicate that two drug products with the same active ingredient can vary in many ways. The base or "filler," the binding material, the coating, the particle size—all can affect how the medicine is absorbed in the body. Even the type of container for some medicines is important.

Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if

two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

Choosing the specific drug products that he wants for you is your doctor's prerogative. He makes the decision on the basis of his experience with a product and a company and his knowledge of your condition and medical history.

Remember, your doctor prefers to prescribe and your pharmacist to dispense brand name products or quality generics from specified reliable manufacturers.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

lead poisoning. The younger boy died three days later; his brother survived. In tracing the source of the poison, doctors learned that both boys had recently been drinking large quantities of apple juice from a handcrafted earthenware jug. Glazed with a compound containing a high lead content, the jug poisoned the apple juice at a prodigious rate. Within three hours, juice stored in the jug had a lead content of 157 parts per million. The maximum allowed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration is only 7 ppm.

Used because of their low melting point, lead compounds give pottery the smooth glaze favored by professionals and amateurs alike. They also produce disastrous side effects. Lead glazes probably caused the chronic poisoning and sterility that contributed to the decline of 5th century Rome. More recently, a physician's own case of lead poisoning was traced to cola drunk nightly from a cup his son had made in a university ceramics class.

More cases seem likely unless Government agencies exercise tighter control over lead in pottery intended for culinary use. Spurred by their discovery, the Canadian research team conducted extensive tests on the commercial, handcrafted and imported pottery available in their country. Of the 264 surfaces tested for lead release, more than half exceeded the FDA's allowable maximum, some by more than 1,000%.

Why Babies Beam

After boasting about their newborn's first smile, many proud parents are deflated by the pediatrician's cool remark: "It's only gas." Not so, says Psychiatrist Robert N. Emde of the University of Colorado School of Medicine. Having studied more than 300 beaming babies in the past nine years, Dr. Emde reports that infants have two quite different kinds of smiles, neither of which has anything to do with gas.

Even before a baby recognizes faces or responds to voices, says Emde, he smiles when he is drowsy or wriggling in his sleep. During his first two weeks of life, such grins occur as many as nine times per 1½ hours of sleep. By comparing the brain-wave patterns of normal, severely retarded, and premature babies, Emde found that sleepy smiles at this age are caused by an internal stimulus—the growth of the brain stem, a primitive portion of the brain not directly involved in sight or thought.

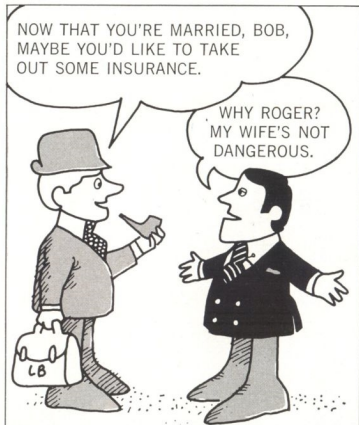
According to Emde, a normal baby does not begin to smile in response to external stimuli—even a father's funniest faces—until the age of at least three weeks. Inward-growth grins still occur at 2½ months. But then comes a shift; if the child is awake and not crying, he tends to smile at comforting sights, sounds and touches. Soon his grins are triggered almost entirely by outside things, especially familiar faces. Secrecy is replaced by sociability—and parents finally get back smile for smile.



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T-8

tion, and Novelist Price (*A Long and Happy Life*) writes excellent fiction. But the virtues of his present book must be mined from paragraphs which, molded together, unaccountably fail to take on life. The reader moons about admiringly in a boneyard of fizzled epiphanies.

Themes reappear like sweaty dreams: the parting of failed lovers; the suicide, successful in one story, unsuccessful in another, of a young wife.

The failed lovers enter first in a cautious story called "The Happiness of Others." Then Price has another try in a long rumination called "Waiting at Da-chau." The story's psychologizing is murky, but it is less neat, less cautious; it will hold more emotion. Nevertheless, after a series of elegies for his parents and a dead friend that seem a bit too private for publication, Price returns to the parting of the lovers in a moody, troubled story, "Good and Bad Dreams," that is the best in the book. This time the lovers are husband and wife, and the parting is deadly: she slashes her arm with a razor and nearly dies. Weeks later he sleeps uneasily beside her. "At the end of his dream he fell or flew. Fall or flight, free or pursued, he could not say which..." A stinging physical perception ends the story, as the narrator's wife rouses briefly: "She falls to her back, turns on her belly, lays on his bare chest her bare left arm. The scars in the hinge of her arm feed there."

Still Price feels compelled to make one last try at the young husband and the suicidal wife in an awkward novella called "Walking Lessons." But by that time the author seems to have been haunted long enough. The stories are ghosts, perhaps personal, certainly professional, and in the end he may have published them merely to get free.

■ J.S.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
4. The Secret Woman, Holt (4)
5. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (5)
6. Calico Palace, Bristow (8)
7. Play It As It Lays, Didion (7)
8. God Is an Englishman, Delderfield (6)
9. Going All the Way, Wakefield (10)
10. Deliverance, Dickey

NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (2)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
3. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (3)
4. Body Language, Fast (4)
5. Ball Four, Bouton (7)
6. Future Shock, Toffler
7. Sexual Politics, Millett (6)
8. Zelda, Milford (5)
9. The Wall Street Jungle, Ney (9)
10. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (10)

6 YEARS OLD, IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1970.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House".

"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson

and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.



2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the sisal plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep."



3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Munyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada